

Honour and Vertue, Triumphing over the Grave.

Exemplified in a faire devout Life, and
Death, adorned with the surviving per-
fections of HENRY Lord STAFFORD,
lately deceased; the last Baron of that Illu-
strious Family : which Honour in him en-
ded with as great Lustre as the Sunne
sets in a serene Skye.

A Treatise so written, that it is as well applicative to
all of Noble Extraction, as to him, and wherein are hand-
led all the Requisites of Honour, together with
the greatest Morall, and Divine Vertues, and com-
mended to the practise of the Noble
Prudent Reader.

By Anth. Stafford his most humble Kinsman.

*This Worke is much embellish'd by the Addition of many
most Elegant Elegies penned by the most
acute Wits of these Times.*

LO N D O N :

Printed by J. Okes, and are to be sold by Richard
Lowndes, at his shop neare adjoyning without
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Errata.

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To my much honour'd
Lord, *Thomas Lord Howard*, chief
of the Howards, *Earle of Arundell*
and *Surrey*, *Earle Marshall of England*,
Knight of the most Noble Order of the
Garter, and one of his Majesties
most Honourable Privy
Councell, &c.

My very good Lord,

*H*e Fame of your Lord-
ships Heroick Vertues
invites me to present to
your gracious accep-
tance this Treatise, of
which Honour is the Theam. Indeed

A to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to whom more fitly can shee make her
addresse, then to your Lordship, through
whose Veins she runs, from whose Bo-
som shee flows, in whose Actions shee
shines, and by whose Protection shee is
secured from the insolent Affronts of
the Vulgar? Being distressed, shee
makes You her faire Sanctuarie, being
wounded, she makes you her soveraigne
Balme. Nay, (which draweth neere
to a wonder) many put their Honour
into Your bands, esteeming it more safe
there, then in their owne. This is the
first cause of my Dedication; The next
is, that the true Child of Honour (the
deplored Subject of this Book) was a
Debtor to Your Lordship for his E-
ducation, whose Advancement in Ver-
tue, Honour, and Estate; You made
the greatest part of Your Studie. And,

to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to say the Truth, where could such a
Guardian be found for him as Your
Lordship, since between the renowned
Ancestours of You both, Vertue, and
Bloud hath long since engendred a
strict Friendship, and between whom
there was a neare similitude of good
and evill Destiny, both having amply
shared of Infortunacy, and Glory? I
may adde, that there cannot be a more
lovely Sight, then to behold an ancient,
lofty Cedar sheltring with his Bran-
ches from the Rage of weather, a
Young one of the same Kinde, aspiring
to the same Height; had not the Frost
of Death, immaturity nipt this Noble
Plant, it were an Heresie to doubt that
he would have flourisht under the care
of a Lord, whose Vertue is too im-
mense for one Region to containe, and

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whose Perseccions are so many, and so
transcendent, that they are abte not one-
ly to adorn these more Polisht Parts of
the World, but to civilize also the
more Barbarous, and to make an A-
thens of Madagascar. The Oblation
of my Teares, and Supplications to
God, not availing to keep him here, I
have sent my Vowes after him, and
have given him a Funerall Equipage
consisting of the Testimonies of brave,
good, and knowing Men, which will
eternize him on Earth, as his Good-
nesse will in Heaven. I confess freely,
I was unwilling to leave him to the
Mercy of some grossly ignorant Chro-
nologer of the Times, in whose Rub-
bish, Posteritie might unhappily have
found him lying more ruin'd then his
glorious Predecessours were by the

Ty-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Tyranny of Time, or the Cruelty of
Princes. Now in the last place, I
must most humbly beseech Your Lord-
ship to take notice, that his whole Name
have made an affectionate, but an im-
prudent Choice of me to be their weak
Oratour, to render Your Lordship sub-
missive, and due thanks for the Good
You did, or intended him, and withall
to make You a Religious Promise of
their Prayers to God, and their Pray-
ses to Men; as in particular, I doe of
the vowed faithfull service of*

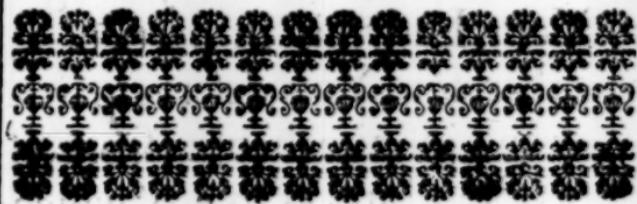
Your Lordships most humble,
loyall Servant,

Anthony Stafford.

obtained from rapid bird surveys

Amato Mayo

What would you do?



To the Vertuous,
and excellent Lady,
the Countesse of
Arundell.

MADAM,

HE causes why I make this Dedication apart to Your Ladyship, are divers. The first is, that sweete Lord (the lamented Subject of this Booke) in whose praise, my Muse ending, wil expire like a *Pbænix* in a Perfume.

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fume. Hee was extreamly oblig'd to Your Ladyship in particular; and therefore You deserve particular and infinite thankes from all of his Blood and Name, of which I am one, who have ever had your Vertues in admiration. The second is, that You, Madam, are none of those *Romance* Ladyes, who make Fiction and Folly their Study and Discourse, and appeare wise onely to Focles, and Fooles to the wise. By reading nothing else but Vanity, they become nothing else themselves. They make a more diligent enquiry after the deedes of Knights, and Ladies errant, than after the Acts of Christ and his Apostles. The losse of their time is their just punishment, in that

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that they spend a whole Life in reading much, and yet is that much nothing. But you, Madam, are capable of the most profound grave Misteries of Religion, and daily peruse and meditate Bookes of Devotion. You despise the bold Adventures of those Female Follies, and piously surveigh the lives of the Female Saints. You have render'd your selfe a most accomplish'd Lady on Earth, by imitating our blessed Lady which is in Heaven ; who as she was here the first Saint of the Militant *Church*, so is she there, the first of the *Church Triumphant* ; having learn't that she spent al her houres in works of Charity, you trace her steps, knowing that Shee, and Vertue,

a trod

The Epistle Dedicatory.

trod but one path. Hence it comes, that you are at no time so angry, as with the losse of an opportunity to succour the distressed; and that you are as indefatigable in doing good as heaven in motion. Hence it is, that the impetuous force of a Torrent may bee as well stopped, as the constant flood of your goodnessse ; which never stayes till it have water'd, and relieved all within its Ken, commendable either for Knowledge, or Vertue. My third, and last scope in placing your Character in the Front of this Treatise is, that like a Starre it may strike a lustre throughout this Booke, and by its light chase away the darknesse Oblivion would else cast upon it.

Question-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Questionlesse it will breed a holy emulation in any of your Sexe, who shall here learne that there is a Lady, whose vertues are come to the Age of Consistence, and can grow no further; and from whom, not only her posterity, but her Ancestors, also receive honour; They, in this resembling the Morne, who though she precedes the Sun, receives her splendour from him. Thus sweet, thus excellent, Madam, I have received you from those who have beene truly happy in being daily witnesses of all your Words and Actions. I conclude with this protestation made in me by Truth her selfe, that I am so constant an honourer (I had almost said an Adorer) of

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Virtue where ever I finde it, especially when that inestimable Diamond is set in Honour (as it is in you, Madam) that should I round the World in your Ladiships service, I should esteeme it a Voyage far short of Your Merit, and my Duty ; and that I should not thinke the highest Title Imagination can reare, a greater addition to me, than is the submissive stile of

*Your Ladyships most
bumble loyall Servant,*

ANTHONY
STAFFORD.

To



To the noble Reader.

That hath beene the manner of Ancient Times to commend their Dead, rather to testifie a good affection, to bewaile their losse, and to hold out the Lampe of their vertuous Lives to others left behind, then to gratifie the deceased. Thus David commended Saul and Abner, Elizæus Elias, and Nazianzen Bazill; Ben bewailed Malachic, complaining that his very bowels were pulled from him. And I may truly averre that Death tore out my Heart, when hee bereft me of that sweetest Lord, of whose rare Gifts and Graces this ensuing Discourse is composed. That I deferr'd till now to due him this right, and to administer comfort to his vertuous Mother, and the rest of his Noble and deare Friends,

(who

To the Reader.

(who still keepe warme his Ashes with their
Teares) was for a wise consideration, no base
neglect. A green wound abhorres the hand of
the Surgeon, which after it patiently endures,
nay, longingly expects: In like case, the
Griefs of the minde, being newly entred, are not
easily expelled, but at first reject all consolati-
on given them; whereas afterward they become
obedient to Reason, and readily admit of those
Remedies, which at first they refused. There
are so many reasons comprehended in this fol-
lowing Treatise, why his Friends should not
grieve too immoderately for him, that I will
only here adde this, that they should not too
violently lament his departure out of a World
where Vice is naturall, Virtue but counterfei-
ted, or at the best well acted. Here wee dis-
cover her, but through a Cloud. Let them apply
that usuall saying of the Rabbies to their sad
soules, The godly even in their Death are
alive, but the wicked in their Life are
dead; If a Heathen could boldly averre,
Nunc Epaminondas vester nascitur quia
sic moritur: In so dying your Epaminon-
das is now reborne, may not we with greater

con-

To the Reader.

confidence affirme the same of him?

Thus much of the excellent subject, now to the Worke it selfe. In this Age (fertile in Coriats, barren of Sydneys and Raleighs.) that Booke must come into the World with a good Angell to defend it that escapes the severe censures of malevolent spirits, with whom it is a wicked custome to damne by Tradition, and traduce Authours before they peruse them. As Cankers commonly cleave to those Roses which are best grown, and spread: So these envious Detractours commonly fasten their venomous Teeth on Works, to which Fame promiseth Eternitie. This ought not to deterre Good and Knowing Men from publishing their Labours; who herein should imitate the Sunne, which (though the Atheist, and the Impious, are unworthy of his Light) shines forth still, and with his Beames glads the Earth, and all the Movers on it. The onely Recompence I desire of my ingenious Readers is, that they would vouchsafe not to reade this Treatise out, but that they would be pleased in imitation of the Sortes Virgilianæ to take the Staffordian Lot, that is, to practise in their lives the first
Page

To the Reader.

Page Chance shall direct them to, in the opening of it; since there is not one in this Worke which containes not some lovely Vertue or other of that deare Lord deceased: by enlarging of whose Fame, I have taken the Advantage to render my owne lesse obscure. This small favour I hope my Noble Readers will not denie their Servant,

A. S.

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HONOVR AND VERTUE,

Triumphing over the
Grave : Or the life of the
late Lord *Stafford.*

None of Widdomes Children will either despaire , or be confident of any thing in this inferiour World , all things are subject to such a strange Revolution. Wee often see the money destined to set out a Triumph employed in furnishing a Funerall, and the purple, together with these great preparations turned into Balmes , Blackes, and Cypressse. *Pluto* sometimes snatcheth *Hymens* Torch out of his hand, and leads the new linked

P.B. 43. couple

couple from the Bridall Bed into his solitary Vault. Nay, it hath been recorded that an Execution hath bin chang'd into a Coronation, and a Scaffold built for a Delinquency, hath become a Throne of Glory. Wee have many certain signes of Danger and Sicknesse, none of Security, there being in one part, or other daily examples of men that die, singing, laughing, eating, and drinking. The strongest Humane Fabricke Nature ever built, a crumme going down awry destroyes. Force and Chance take away the Yong, and Maturity the Old. Nothing visible that is not mortall, no Object hath sense lesse fading then it selfe. The generall Tide washeth all passengers to the same shore, some sooner, some latter, but all at the last. Every man must take his course, when it comes, never fearing a thing so necessary, yet alwayes expecting a thing souncertaine. Our Intemperancy prepares a Feast for Death, and is therefore called the Mother of Physicians. This goodly Tree of Life is surcharg'd with Fruit, some fall by clusters, some single, all once. Every thing riseth with the Condition of a Fall, and all Encreases have their Diminutions. This is the firme Bond that compasfeth, and girdeith fast the Bundle of Mortalitie, *Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt returne.* That all this is true the Noble Subject of this Book is a faire, yet sad Example, much to be lamented because much to be admir'd, of whom somthing I must speak, though it come as short of his inestimable Worth, as I doe of an accomplish'd

Ora-

Oratour. And here I must crave pardon of the judicious Reader, if I draw not his perfections to the life. My Apologie may be a just complaint that my stile is fetter'd by the idle Censures of Schismatical Fools, whose purblinde souls can-not discerne betweene a fawning Flattery and a due prayse, who have hardly language good e-nough to make themselves understood, much lesse to perswade others, except it be never to read them againe. I could without the aide of any Rhetoricke at all, pen one of their dimme foggy Lines, wherein there is nothing consid-
erable, that I would not reduce into a poesie for a King, so that they might weare their own sto-
ry on what finger they please. But there are more then humane helps required to give a Heröe his true Character, whose magnanimous soule har-
bours not a thought small enough to enter into their narrow, passive brains. As in the Ancient Sacrifices, it was not lawfull to kindle the Altars of the Gods with any materiall common Fire, but with the pure Rayes of the glorious Sun: So a divine flame is required to illuminate that Spi-
rit which undertakes to characterise the soules of great and eminent Men. I confesse, freely, the the wings of my invention flag, and are not able to beare her to the Summity of her towring sub-
ject. It is a received opinion, that Wit encrea-
seth Griefe, and Griefe Wit. I finde the former part of this Tenent true; for that small propor-
tion of Wit Nature hath given me, turns to my disadvantage, in that it makes mee too appre-
hensive

The Life of the late

hensive of his worth, and consequently of his losse ; but the later I prove in my selfe to be false; for now the charming Eloquence of *Anthony*, *Craffus*, and *Cicero* is required to limme this rare Piece, a stupityng Dulnesse seizeth on mee , and the very Knowledge of what I have to write distracts me, so I know not what to write. And yet this is no wonder at all ; for my best bloud being lostin him , my worser remayning must needs chill, and no man is ignorant,that where there is not *Focus in Venis* , there cannot be *Subtilitas in Intellectu* : When Warmth forsakes the Veines, Subtilty must of necessity abandon the Head. Yet were I master of as great an eloquence as *Demosthenes* himselfe, my best words could not give his Vertues a clothing correspondent to their lustre. The most skilfull Painter cannot give a Picture all the lively Graces contained in the Naturall, from which it is drawne ; Nor can the most expert Oratour fully, and truly delineate the Beau-tie of an Originall so sublime that it transcends his Understanding. As it is more easie to tell what is not in Heaven then what is : So it is by farre more facile to number the Vices which hee had not, then the Excellencies of which hee was the happy possessor. But because in great Designes, even attempts are laudable , and that by many, this Testimony of my Duty is look'd for at my hands, I am content to take the advantage though of a most unhappy, and unwelcome occasion to seale up my former Affection, and publish to the World the damage I have received

ceived by this fatall Deprivation, nor I alone but all his Stock, and all the lovely Brood of Honor, and Pietie. And I now opportunely choose to make this Oblation to his Memory. *Quando nec laudantē adulatio movet, nec laudatū tentat elatio;*
When neither Flattery moveth me, nor vain-glory assileth him. My comfort is, I have chosen a Theam where (to some judgments) the highest Hyperboles wil passe for defective Truths. Sure I am, I need not feare to out-speake his merit and my love, w^{ch} ought to be so much that it cannot possibly appeare too much. I dare tell Envie and Detraction to their Teeth, that prayse justly belongs to the pious deceased, & that I may cal it, with *Pliny*, the charitable Dew that makes Vertue spring up in the Living. Who knowes my friends better then I my selfe? If they are not such as I make them, sure I am, I believe them such. No Crowne can give mee such content as does this comfortable errorr; for such captious Criticks will tearm it, though in my belief it be an upright and impartiall Veritie.

Before I enter into his commendations, I must entreat all my Readers to consider that (besides the fore-mention'd Obstacle) there is yet another, which is that my Pen is too straitly confin'd, the bounds afforded her not being large enough to make a Demonstration of her Agilitie, and Sufficiencie; for Obstinate her selfe can not deny that (mans Life being but a Span) shee hath little more then an Inch allotted her to traverse in, he dying at the Age of Fourteen. Shee must

must therefore be enforced onely to draw in a final Card the first Spring of his Youth newly deliver'd of such beautifull Issues commendable both for their Ornament and Odour, as are able to commit a Rape on all knowing Soules, and to send out a perfume as farre as Posteritie. Had he he arriv'd at the Autumne of his Age, shee had then beene Mistris of a Field large enough to exercise her Art in, and shee would have presented the Surveyghers of this Worke with as Beautifull Fruit as the large, spreading Tree of Honour ever bore. Wee might well divine of him, as *Antigonus* did of *Pyrrhus*, *Magnus futurus si senesceret*, Hee would prove great, if Aged.

The common Method in handling matters of this nature commands me to make the first part of this Discourse the place of his Birth, the Nobilitie of his Race, and Disposition, and to continue and close it up with the Vertues practised in his Life, and the Sanctity expressed in his Death.

Where a worthy man of a faire Line is born, and bred is necessary to be knowne.

IN setting downe the place of his Birth I shall follow the usuall course of others who hold it a Circumstance very necessary to make knowne where a worthy man, and of a faire Line is born, and bred, in that it is not the Fertility and Beauty of the Soile, but the manners, and goodnessse of the Dwellers that commend the place. True it is that *Isaac* commands *Jacob* that hee should not

not take a wife of the Land of *Canaan*, but of *Mesopotamia* in *Syria*, being more renown'd. I must not thwart the Scriptures, nor denie that some countries are more famous then others, but I desire to know whether, or no the Braverie of their Inhabitants have not conferr'd on them the Renowme they are so big with. What made *Greece* the Wonder of the World, but the Learning, and Valour of her people? What makes her now the contempt of all men but the Basenesse, Dulnesse, and Cowardise of the same? What once was *Ireland* but another *Gosben*? There was a time when the people of this Country being asked how they had dispos'd of their sonnes, their Ordinary Reply was, *Mandati sunt ad Disciplinam in Hiberniam, They are sent into Ireland to be instructed.* Within the remembrance of many, the *Americans* are not at this day more barbarous, then were the more Northerne Natives of that Iland, though now (Heaven be praySED) they have almost quite shaken of the cumbersome shackles of that *Cymrian* Ignorance. I infinitely applaud the speech of *Aristotle* to a vain-glorious Fellow, who boasted himselfe a Citizen of a mighty Citie, *Noli, inquit, hoc attendere, sed an dignus sis magna, & illustri Patria: Have not an eye, said he, to the splendour of thy Country, but to thy own Worth, and examine whether thou deservest to be derived thense.* So that wee see there is no Climate so obscure that is not illustrated by the Birth of meritorious

rious men. Had Sir *Philip Sidney* written his Poem, or Sir *Walter Raleigh* his History amongst the Savages of *America* in *Greeke* or *Latine*, I am confident all succeeding Authours would have nam'd *America* as often as now they doe *Rome*, or *Athens*, and those rude creatures would have received an imputative worth from them, whereas now they are in little, or nothing to be distinguish'd from their Cattell. Or had they penn'd those their immortall Workes in the *Indian Tongue* (after once they had come to light) wee should have studied that unpolish'd Language as hard, as now wee do the Orientall Dialects. Did not a *Gaditanian* come from the farthest part of the World to see the farre fam'd *Livie*?

I will here cut off this no impertinent Digression, with relating that this hopefull young Lord breath'd his first Aire at Stafford, which Towne and Country the memory of him will for ever commend, ennable, andendeare to all such as profess themselves friends to him, or Goodnesse.

BEFORE I begin to speake of the Antiquity of his Family, I must necessarily insert somthing of noble Extractions in generall, because there are some clownish Infidels who believing there is no such thing as a Gentleman.

That

That in all Ages, and Nations the more Worthy have beeene distinguish'd from the rest by Superiour Titles, and callings is undenieable. The Hebrews sever'd them from others by stiling them *Jeduim, Horim, Scalitkim, Scheliscini, Avarim, Masseguerim, Artulim, Maginim, Guevirim, Guibborim, Nedivim, Kervim, Abhaschedappennim*, by which is signified in the propriety of that Language, that they are Illustrious, Generous, Principall Men, not much inferiour to Kings. But they were most honour'd who were descended from the greatest Houses, and these they named *Benhorim*, Children of Noblemen. Moses Governour of *Israel*, to the end he might rule the people well, and worthily, selected seventy Men of Eminent Condition, *Hachamim*, and *Jeduim*, Wise, and Noble men well vers'd in Affaires of State. And *Iosnab* his Successour added others of the same qualitie. Men of Honourable Bloud have ever been held to be of Royall Condition, and reverenc'd as little Kings, because them in severall Provinces their Princes have graced with great Titles, Priviledges, and Prerogatives, and on them have conferr'd their Regall Authoritie, that by this meanes they might be more reverenc'd, and obey'd by the people whom under them they were to govern. *There is no man, saith Livy, so stupid, that bee is not enflamed with a Desire of Domesticall Glory.* The words of the same Author in another place are these. *Parentage and Nobilitie are great Or-*

it is here proved against all clownish In-fidels, that there is such a thing as a Gentleman.

naments doubtlesse, for a man to enjoy here in this life, but farre greater to leave behinde him to his Posterity. Harkento Cicero, *Omnis boni semper Nobilitati favemus, & quia Reipublice utile est Nobiles esse homines dignos Majoribus suis, & quia valere debet apud nos senex clarorum hominum de Republica meritorum memoria, etiam mortuorum: All we who are goodever favour Nobility, because it is a thing profitable to the Common-wealthe to have men worthy of their Ancestors, as also that the aged Memory of famous Men desirving well of the Common-wealthe (though dead) ought to be in esteem with us.* Plato divides Nobility into four parts. The first are they who derive themselves from good, and just parents. The second have Princes their Ancestors. The third are they whose Progeniters have been great Warriors, and Lawtreated Triumphers. The fourth and best, are they who excell in Magnanimitie, and Greatnesse of Merit. And truly I am of *Plato's* minde; for though I am a never yielding Advocate for men of remarkable Stocks, yet I believe not that Honour is confined to run in certain particular Channels, or that the Rationall Soule should be bound to the same Lawes with the Vegetative, or Sensible. Where Nobility is onely *Nuda Relatio, a meare bare Relation*, and nothing else I esteeme it, not a Grace, but a Disparagement. I shall never seeke for that Fruit in the Root which I should gather from the Branch. Virtue is the legitimate Mother of Ho-

Honour, not Fortune, who, though shee be a Queene, many times imitates unhappily some of her owne Ranke in suffering her selfe to be enjoy'd by Groomes, and fixeth there her Admiration where the World placeth its Derision. Him whom Vice, and Ignorance doth still detain prisoner in the Heard of the Vulgar, if by his own vertuous actions hee cannot separate himselfe from them, my Vote, nor Judgement shall ever give him Freedome. In this I am seconded by no worse a man then the most Eloquent Demosthenes. *De Nobilitate parum laudis prædicare possum, bonus enim Vir mihi Nobilis videtur, qui verò non justus est licet Patre meliore quam Jupiter sit genus Ducat Ignobilis mihi videtur.* Nobility I cannot much predicate; Hee who is a good man appeareth to mee noble; Hee who is not Iust (though hee derive himselfe from a better parent then Jupiter himselfe) seemes to mee Ignoble. The French usually say, *Le Splendeur de Vertula Noblesse de Race:* The Splendour of Virtue is the Nobility of Race.

I am not ignorant that the Censure and Custome of many Kingdomes are against mee, where all men have respect, and precedencie given them by their great parentage, not their good parts. But above all other, the *Dane* is the most strict Observer of Descent. In *Denmarke* he is not ranked amongst the Gentry, who cannot prove him *Een Herremand anff Seisten Aufner*, A Gentleman of sixteene Descents by Fa-

Amongst all Nations the *Dane* is the greatest Adorer of Nobility.

ther and Mother. At all Triumphs, and Tiltings it is proclaim'd, that hee who is not such must not presume to handle a Sword or Lance, or enter into the *Lifts*. Nay, it is most certaine, that at those great Solemnities they have excepted against some base sonnes of their owne Kings defective in Bloud by the Mothers side, and would hardly be pacified by their Princes answer, which was, that what honour was wanting in the Mothers side was superabounding on the Fathers. In the Raigne of *Fredericke the Second King of Denmarke*, there lived a most learned Man named *Erasmus Latus*, who for his Science, and pleasing Discourse, was admitted into the best Companies, and had an eminent place at all Tables. He proud of his high vallue, and ambitious of higher, travell'd to *Venice*, and was there created a *Venetian Knight*, and in coming backe was, made Poet Laureat by *Cesars* own hand. The first Table hee came to after his return home was the Chancellour of that Kingdome, who plac'd him lowest of all his Guests, not sticking openly to tell him that the Reverence, and Superiority which before was given him as a profound Scholar, was now denied him as a Superficiall Gentleman. If in that Kingdome an ignoble man defloure a noble Maid, his head is infallibly cut off, and shee lives, and dies shut up betweene two Walls. If any woman gently borne marry a *Roturier*, (as the French call him) with us a Peasant, she is deprived of her portion,

and

and never taken notice of afterward by any of her Kinred. In some places of *Polanda* a gentleman hath this priviledge that if hee kill a Burger, a Hind, or any other ordinary man by paying downe foure shillings he is quit.

I abhorre this foolish strictnesse, and severity, yet could wish we were not as carelesse this way, as they were punctuall, our Tables then would not be so throng'd with Farme, and Shop-Gentry. The Ancient *Romans* in this case excluded *omnem quasum*, *All manner of gaine*. If my Vote might passe for good, all originalls of great Families hereafter should issue out of Schooles and Campes, there being no other beginning of power to warrant them from censure and laughter. A true testimony of this I will give you in *Pallas Freeman*, of *Clandins* the Emperour, a servant as Worthy, as his Master Wife. You shall see an Emperour, and a Senate of *Rome* (Lords of the World) conspire and combine to eternize this *Pallas*, and to set him up a marke of greatness, and glory to all succeeding Ages. The Senate presented this abject fellow with the Praetorian Dignity, and 150 Sesterces, the former of which he tooke, the later hee refused. They assemble together on purpose, and humbly thanke this softish Prince for this his servile Favourite, in that he had vouchsafed to commend him to the Senate, and by that gave them occasion of shewing him a reward answerable to his merit. Upon his rejecting this their

pecuniary offer, they flocke againe to the Emperour, imbrace his knees, and submissively beseech him to perfwade *Pallas* to accept of their gift, which supplication of theirs, this foolish Emperour presented to *Pallas*. Behold an Emperour, and a Senate, saith *Pliny*, contending for superiority in slavery. You would have thought by this their so frequent conventing before Cæsar, that either the Confines of the Empire had beeene enlarged, or the Armies had return'd in safety: Within the first stome of the Tiburtine way they builthim a Monument with this Inscription. *Huic Senatus at fidem, pietatemque erga Patronos Ornamenta Praetoria decrevit, & Sesterium centies Quinquagies, cuius honore contentus fuit.* On this man for his Faith and Piety to his Patrons, the Senate conferr'd the Praetorian Ornaments, and presented him with 150. Sesterces, but he contented himselfe with the Honour onely. The excellent *Pliny* repines so much at the grace and honour done this *Furcifer* (for so he calls him) that he breaks out into this bitterness of Speech. This mancipated Senate, saith he, stiled that modesty in him, which, indeed was Insolency. How I applaud my fortune, that I liv'd not in their Times, in whose behalfe I blush so many yeares after their committing of this base folly. But why should wee repine at this? Rather let us laugh, that they may not thinke they have made any great purchase who are come to that degree of happiness, as to be laughed at. By this one Example

Example we may clearely perceive, that it is not in the potency of Princes to create a never fading honour, that supreame blessing being in the gift of Vertue onely.

That the originall of true Nobility is not deriv'd from any accidentall good flowing from Fortune, or Linage, but receives its birth, and growth from the ability, and Harmony of a vertuous Mind, I will both by reason and example demonstrate.

By reason; for if solid and ligitimate Nobility depended so on the will and beck of Fortune, that she could circumscribe the markes, and Ensignes of Honour within the narrow compasse of the womb, & give, and take them away at her pleasure, there would be nothing left in the spacious circumference of this earthly Globe for a Wise man to desire, who knowing Fortune to be s. changeable, that some of the Ancients used to make her Statues of Glasse, as an argument of her fragillity, and even then suspecting, and fearing her when she most fawnes on him, placeth not his confidence at all on her, but involves himselfe within his owne vertue, which onely can secure him from her tyranny. What ever is in her possession he scornes, though hee may have it for the fetching, because she is so blinde that she cannot penetrate into his worth, and so base that shee lodgereth oftner and longer with the ignorant and infamous, than with the more deserving and more knowing. Hee smiles.

A never fading Honour
is not the gift
of Fortune,
but of Vertue.

It is here pro-
ved by reason
that Nobility
depends not
on the will of
Fortune.

Nothing is
more remote
from the na-
ture of true
Nobility,
than an anci-
ent stocke
void of vertue

smiles at their arrogancy and pride, who upon an idle perswasion grounded on their Nobility, presume to take place of others, whereas, indeed, nothing is more vaine, abject, and more remote from the nature of true Nobility, than an ancient stocke voyd of vertue. The judgements of *Plato*, and *Seneca* will here bee inserted opportunely, who affirme that if we be inquisitive after Pedigrees we shall finde that there is no slave who is not sprung from mighty Kings; nor no King that is not descended from despicable slaves. By which we may apparantly see that it is not greatnesse of Blood, but of Merit, that really dignifies any man. For my owne part, I seriously protest, I should glory more in being the happy Master of the lofty minde, and low Extraction of undaunted *Marius*, than in enjoying all the vast Dominions of *Terytha*, and *Sardanapalus*, together with the innumerable splendent Images of their Ancestors. That *Alexander* the Great was truely Noble, no man will deny, in that he was sonne to so puissant a Monarch as *Phillip* King of *Macedon*: yet was he so farre from being puffed up with any vaine-glorious conceite of his royll descent, that *Plutarch* upon his credit assures us, he being yet a Child, repined at nothing so much as at his Fathers glorious Actions. To this purpose is remarkable that passage betweene him and other Children, who alledging to him his happiness in being sonne to so brave a Prince, that made such

such large Conquests, and onely for him) received from him this magnanimous answer. *What bootes it me to possesse much, when I my selfe have done nothing memorable? So prosperous a successe attends all my Fathers Enterprizes, that bee will leave me nothing to Conquer.* O generous speech proceeding from a high aspiring minde, deservedly destin'd to Conquer, and governe this lower Hemisphære. Me thinkes I heare him thus enlarge his reply. *Hath my Father in one night deflowered both Fame and victory, and extorted from them a vow never hereafter to waite on any but him? shall I then live like a Plant, and onely grow to stand still? Sloth is the common Nurse to all Vices, and in learning nothing, we learne to doe ill. I like the Custome of that Nation who suffered not their Children to be taught any thing fitting, and alwaies sacrific'd to the gods the last Commer to the Army. Barre mee Motion, and action, and conclude mee a Trunke, not a Man. Shall I ly still imprison'd within the Straights of my owne Greece? No, I am resolv'd not onely to trace my Sire, bnt to out-goe him. I will have this maffie Globe measur'd, that I may see how much is left for me to overcome. The Sunne shall not discover more then I will Conquer, onely I would not so soone vanquish as he surveighs, lest my Valour should want employmant.* Of the same thred with this opinion of Alexander, is that of Lycus in Seneca's *Hercule furente*.

*Nobiles non sunt mihi
Avi, nec altis inclytum titulis Genus,
Sed clara virtus. Qui Genus ja^ctat suum
Aliena laudat.*

It is here by example confirmed that Descent is no sound Argument of true Nobility.

It resteth now, that I confirme by Example what I have proved by Reason, that Descent is no sound Argument of true Nobility. The truth of this, the very consideration of the inconstancy of humaine affaires will assure us, in that the Presidents are most frequent of men this day prostrate, and the scorne of all men, to morrow exalted, and their very nods observed.

If wee looke backe upon old *Rome* wee shall quickly perceive, that not long after shee was built, many obscure men became her Rulers. Who knowes not that *Tarquinius Priscus*, one of her most famous Kings, had for his Parents a banish'd Merchant, and a servile Woman? Was not *Servius Tullius* the sonne of a meane fellow, and a Maid servant? Was not the birth of *Tullius Hostilius*, who preceeded both these in the Empire, very meane, he having beene in his Nonage sometimes a Neatheard, sometimes a Shepheard? Now let us come to the *Cæsars* themselves, and examine whether or no they were of more renowned extraction than their Kings. *Augustus* himselfe (whose Greatnesse and Happinesse grew to a Proverbe, (*Sis Augusto Pe-licior, Trajano melior*) and whose surname at this

this day the *German* Emperours with pride usurpe, (shutting up all their Titles with *Semper Augustus, ever Augustus*) was not his Grandfather a Silver-smith, and his Father an *Astipulator*? Both which *Cicero* writing to his brother *Quintus* avoucheth to have obtain'd the Quæstorship by supplication. What other Founder of his Stocke had *Vitellius* than a Libertine, or Freed man, whom *Cassius Severus*, and many others maintaine to have beene no better than a Tayler. *Trajan*, the best of all the *Cæsars* (in whose Reigne the Mappe of the *Roman Empire* was at the fairest) swamme at first in no Flood of Fortune, and that hee was /of no great House. *Nerva* himselfe inferres, who when he design'd him Emperour, and commended him to the Senate, bade them looke into the mans merit, not his parentage. *Pertinax* none of their worst Emperours had a slave to his Grandfather, and a freed man to his Father. *Piscenninus Niger*, no bad Prince, had no better a beginning. *Opilius Macrinus*, was first a Servant, then a Freed man. *Gaienus, Posthumus Loliensis*, and *Martius*, whose Reigne continued but three dayes, could not glory much in their Pedigrees, the later of which was but a Smith. *Galerius* had poore Country parents, and he himselfe was an Armorour, and from thence got the surname of *Armentarius*. Of the same poore condition were *Maximinus, Pupienus, and Balbinus*, his co-Regnant. The vertuous *Anrelius* was born

meanly. The Father of the most accomplish'd *Probus* was a Gardner, yet was hee Lord of so many perfections, that *Valerius* the Emperour earnestly by Letters exhorted his Sonne *Gallenus* to imitate him in all things, using often to say by the way of Allusion to his Name, that if his Cognomen had not beene *Probus* his *Prenomen* should have beene such. *Bonosus* rose from a Schoole-master to be an Emperour. *Dioclesian* was the Sonne of a Notary. *Licinius*, and *Maximinianus*, *Eutropius*, and *Paulus Orosius*, number amongst the *Plebeians*. The Father of the Emperour *Valentinianus* was a Rope-maker, whence he himselfe got the nickname of *Funerarius*. *Iustininus* was but an Armorour. I must not omit *Basilius* the *Macedonian*, who being brought Captive amongst other vendible slaves to *Constantinople* was there created Emperour. I cannot passe over *Abdolominus*, or, as some wil have him call'd *Abaconius*, who was brought by *Alexander* from drawing water, and watering Gardens, and by him made King of *Sidonia*, to to the eternall dishonour of all the discontented Nobility of that Countrey. Nor must I conceale *Antipater*, the succeder of *Alexander* in the Kingdome of *Macedonia*, who was Nephew to a she Player, that acted the Clownes part. *Ar-saces*, King of the *Parthians*, is reported to have beene the sonne of the people. The Parents of *Cambyses*, King of the *Persians* were of poor condition. *Darius* the sonne of *Hystaspes*, who bore

bore no better an Office under *Cyrus* then that of a Serjant, was exalted to be King of the *Persians*, and was the first of that Name. Here I must introduce the Father of *Eumenes* carrying of burthens, and *Telephanes*, who being but a base Coachmaker, obtained the *Lydian* Crowne. I cannot but insert *Mydas*, who by the *Phrygians* was called from the Cart to be their King, and *Ptolomeus* who made so large a Step, as from being a common Souldier to be crowned King of *Egypt*. *Tyridates* clome from a servant to be King of the *Parthians*. *Livy* informes us, that *Vectius Messius* King of the *Volscians*, was more commendable for his Deeds then his Birth. Who is ignorant that *Parrhasius*, and *Lycastus* (being exposed by their Mother to the mercie of the weather, and wilde beasts) were found, and brought up by *Tilliophus* a Shepherd, and afterwards governed *Arcadia*. That the Shepherd and Hog-heard *Tamberlaine* was afterward King of the *Scythians*, is obvious to every mans knowledge. I will here make a holy conclusion with *David*, and *Saul*, whom God himselfe withdrew, the one from following the Ews, the other from following the Asses, to rule over the *Hebreys*.

Notwithstanding all these fore-mentioned Presidents, I would not have any man conceive me to be so simple, that I believe not two good things together are better then one single, that Desert, and Noble Bloud conjoyn'd, farre out-shine solitary Merit. As the purest bloud al-

wayes resorts to the Heart as the first liver, and the last dier, and the noblest part of the Body: so for the most part Perfections and Graces, as the Requisites of Honour, make their repaire to the more Honourable of Mankinde. Abortion sounds not so strangely in our eares as degenerating, because the former is cōmon, the later nor. We not very often, see any man of a Noble strain in whom we detect not some Impression, some seeds of his Parents worth, which in time spring up, bud, and flourish in him. Lightly, he who is well borne ponders with himselfe Whether or no, his Predecessours acquired their Dignitie by Arts, or Armes, which once knowne he seeks by the same meanes at least to preserve, if not to increase the Honour they have left him.

*Arts & Arms
should be the
study of the
more Noble.*

If our Hodiernall Nobility would spend some time in this Meditation, and diligently exercise themselves both in Letters, and Armes, their Honour would not be assail'd on all sides by the Vulgar as at this day it is, and it would no longer appeare as in some it does, a meere shadow of a consumed Body. The Emperour *Adrian* Successour both in the Empire, and Virtue to *Trajan*, (equally an Enemy to Vice, and Sloth) used to say, that it was not decent to see a young Gentleman without a Book in one hand to teach him Wisdome, and a Sword in the other to defend the same against all *Barbarians* whatsoever. So amiable was the Conjunction of both these in his sight, that he did never eat without two standing

ding by him of severall Abilities , one to discourse to him of the secrets of Nature, the other of Stratagems of Warre. And that this was the Custome of the other Emperours, appeares by the two Masters of *Nero* , *Burrhus* , and *Seneca* , the one a Martialist , the other a Philosopher. *Charlemaine* , *Lewis the Debonaire* , Saint *Lewis* and others had them in such esteeme , that they held the joyning of them together as necessary , as the linking of the Husband , and the Wife.

The Politickes dispute which of these two should have the Precedencie, but in the end give it to the Gowne , in that Good Letters can instruct us in the Military|Discipline , but Armes cannot impart the Knowledge of the Arts.

I may seeme to some to have dwelt too long on this weighty , and necessary Argument of Honour in Generall , whose pardon I crave , and so proceed in my Method to treate of his Nobilitie by Race , who is now my deplored Theam.

I am utterly void of all insight in Heraldry , and therefore can write nothing in this kinde , save what I have upon trust , but that little I shall deliver shall be back'd with great Authorities. That his Ancestors have been Dukes , I am confident , every man hath heard , but how great in Authority , and Revenue it may be all men apprehend not. I am inform'd by a Knight skilfull and Excellent not only in our English , but Foreignne Heraldry also , that the Dukes of *Buckingham*

The Dukes of
Buckingham,
have beeene so
great that
Earles have
bin Stewards
of their Hou-
ses.

kingham have been so great, that Earles have been the Stewards of their Houses, and that they have disbursed eight hundred pounds yearly old Rent in Pensions to Earles, Barons, Knights, and Gentlemen. To this worthy Testatour of their Greatnesse, I shall yet adde a far greater: namely, the Right Honorable Henry Earle of Northampton, a Lord so omniscient that he seem'd to all learned men living in his time, *A walking Athens*. In a speech of his contain'd in a Booke entituled, *The Arraignment of the Traitors*, his formall words are these. *It was a Monke of Henton, that seduc'd the late Duke of Buckingham, to the Ruine of as great a Name as any Subject in Europe (excepting onely the Surname of a King) can demonstrate, by which I receive ablemiss, and all those that descend from him.* This is enough for mee, in that I cannot blazon Coates, nor draw Pedigrees, and because I am unwilling to disparage some whose Names the Staffords bore in former times, and afterwards forsooke them as somwhat too obscure, and low, for their lofty deeds.

Wee have all this while dwelt in the Suburbs, wee will now enter the Citie, and glad our eyes with the splendour of it. Imagine all the premises to bee but the Curtain, which now being drawne wee will gaze on the Beautifull Piece, his *Life*, so pure and innocent to the outward sight (in Gods eye who can be justified?) that what was said of *Scipio*

Mas-

Nassica, may be applyed to him, . *Nihil in vita nisi laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit*; Through his whole Life he never did, or spake any thing that was not commendable.

The first care of his Excellent Parents was to let him know there was a God that made him, and they taught him by gesture to acknowledge this Truth, ere hee could by speech. The erection of his eyes, and Hands spake for him ere his Tongue could. To learne the Arts, and Sciences requires a convenient Ripenesse of Age, but it fares not so with Religion which is to be suck'd in with the Mothers, or Nurses Milke. A Vessel reteines long the 'sent of that wherewith it is first season'd, and therefore hee was taught to name, and know his Heavenly Father before his Earthly. When he came to have the use of speech, hee was instructed every morning with an humble heart, and in a submissive phrase to crave the conduct, and safeguard of God for that Day, and in the same lowly Language to implore his Almighty protection for the ensuing Night. Then was hee carried into Gods sacred Temple there to offer up prayers, and Vowes due to his Maker. True it is, that we not only see, but handle God in his Creatures, but we no where speak univocally, and unanimously to him, nor hee at all to us but in his Church.

And that hee might judge of Religion and Goodnesse aright, these his solicitous Parents gave him a learned Education: for though Lear-

His pious E-
ducation.

Religion is to
be suckt in
with the
milke.

E ning

His learned
Education.

Though learning be not
the Adequate cause of Ver-
tue, it is the
adjuvant.

ning be not the Adequate Cause of Vertue, (that being Afluefaction in Goodnesse) yet that it is the Adjuyvant, all men not Contentious will easily grant. Some there be (who affirme) that Vertue cannot be taught, because though the Intellect may be informed of the true forme of Vertue, yet the Will by this Instruction cannot be made flexible. Experience proving to us that many profoundly Learned, are withall damnable Wicked. But this falls out by accident, when Science meets with a perverse, and depraved Nature. If we consider Learning in it selfe, wee shall finde that though it doe not necessarily engender Vertue, yet it moves, and enclines the Will to embrace it. To this alludes that of Ovid.

— *Didicisse fideliter Artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

There are many forcible, convincing Reasons, why a learned man is more apt to follow Vertue then an unlearned. Amongst many other I will onely produce four. The first is, that by studying the Arts, and Sciences the thoughts of man are averted from dwelling on corporeall things, the ordinary objects of his Affections, and by that means the occasions are cut off, that usually allure him to be enamour'd on Vice. Secondly, he who is a curious searcher into the Nature, and causes of things, judgeth of them aright, and esteemes them as they are. Hence it comes to passe, that he

he magnifies things truly great, and contemnes those equal'y base, and is nothing at all moved with such Events as in the Vulgar beget Terror, and Astonishment. Thirdly, through the Knowledge of things Naturall, and Supernaturall, hec discernes many causes why wee should adhere to Vertue , and detest Vice : For hee who understands the Nature and Excellencie of God, will desire to be like him , and hee who knows that God hath created all things under the Sunne for him, will be enflam'd with a divine love towards him, and approve himselfe grateful, and serviceable to this his Heavenly Benefactour. Likewise hee who espies in the bruite creatures themselves Images of Vertues, in some that of Fortitude, in others that of Temperancie, and Chaftitie, in all an Instinct, and Industry in undergoing those Offices they are made for , and which are proper to them, will easily be induced to thinke it a shame , and dishonour to him, if he (having the use of Reason, and having the stampe of the Deity upon him) should be found defective in his Duty. Fourthly , and lastly, Learning layes before us the true Forme of Vertue, and furnisheth us with Examples of brave accomplish'd men, with the rewards, and Glory they purchas'd by their Perfections:and on the contrary, the ignominious, and horrid ends of such as have li v'd , and died mancipiated to their owne sordid, enormous Imperfections, the Meditation whereof will render a knowing man an Admirer of

Great men
have declared
themselves
fautours of
Learning.

Goodnesse, and a loather of Wickednesse. They who are so obstinate as to reject these Reasons in favour of Good Letters, will surely be ore-borne, and have their Judgements rectified, and reform'd by the Authoritie of great Men, who have declared themselves Fautours of Erudition. This Example of *Alexander*, subjecting himselfe to bee the Disciple of *Aristotle*, shall bee the Leader. Before hee attempted the subduing of the World, hee desired to know what the World was, and it is likely that the knowledge of it invited him to the conquest thereof. How he doted on *Homers Works* is notorious even to Dablers in Story. The same *Alexander* it was, who would have no difference of Habit betweene the *Grecian* and the *Barbarian*, saying, that their knowledge, and their ignorance, were markes sufficient to distinguish them. That incomparable Prince *Alphonsus King of Spain, Sicily, and Naples, (Coetanian with Charles the Seventh of France)* after he had once read in Saint *Augustine*, that an illiterate King was no other then an Asse crowned, had ignorance in such detestation, that where ever hee went, and at all times whether in Warre, or Peace, hee endevour'd both by Reading, and Conference, to better his Understanding, and at so high a rate he valued Science that hee gave for his Crest, *A Book open*. It was a frequent saying with him, *That his dead Connellours, his Books, were to him farre better then the living, since they with-*

without flattery, Feare, or bashfulnesse, presented to him Truth naked without any disgiuing Coverture. I ingeniously confess, I never reade that speech of *Solon*, without infinite delight, who lying on his Death-bed, & over-hearing some of his learned Visitants despuiting and deciding some subtle question or other, attentively listned to their Disputation, which a stander by observing, demanded of him why he now ready to leave the world, should give eare to their discourse: to whom he made this answer, worthy to be treasured up in all memories; *Ut cum illud audiero moriar doctior. That when I have heard that poynt discuss'd, I may dye the more learned.* *Aristippus* being demanded by one, in what his sonne should bee better'd if he learnt the Arts, and Sciences, answer'd. *Etsi nulla alia in re, nequit, certe vel in hoc, quod in Theatro non sedebit lapis supra lapidem: If in nothing else, saith he, yet truely in this, that bee shall not sit in the Theater one stone upon another.* The same Philosopher often protested that hee had rather bee a Begger than a Foole, in that the former onely wants money, the latter humanity. *Antisthenes* confounded the studious, and the noble, and admonish'd his Scholars, that learning was the only *Viaticum*, that in stormes and shipwracke when all things else perish'd, would boy up in spights of evill Fortune. *Aristotle* was so great a student, that when he went to rest, he used to hold in his hand a Ball of Brasse over a

large Baton of the same Mettall, that when
hee slept, the noyse of the Ball falling in-
to the Bason might awaken him. To one
who asked him how the Learned differ'd
from the ignorant, hee replied, *ut Viventes
a Mortuis : As the Living from the Dead.* Hee
would often repeate this his owne speech, *That
Learning was an Ornament in prosperity, in adver-
sity a Refuge ; and that Tutors were farre to bee
preferr'd by Children, before Naturall Parents, be-
cause they received from the later the benefit of li-
ving onely : but from the former the felicity of li-
ving well, and blessedly.* I dwell the longer on
this poynt that it may serve as an Admonition
to all parents, especially the more Noble to be-
stow on their Children a breeding answerable to
their Birth. In elder times, a Sonne was dis-
charged in all duty of obeying, comforting, and
relieving his parents in their Age, if he could
prove that they had neglected to instruct him in
his Youth. The Ancients held, that they who
provided Lands, and ample possessions for their
posterity on whom to bestow a learned Educa-
tion, they would not be at the charge, re-
sembled a silly fellow, that hath more care of his
shooes than his feete. They thought that the
heipping up of Riches for a flat-witted Cox-
combe, who knowes not how to use them, was
as if a faire sweete Lute should bee presented to
one who knowes not how to make it speake
harmoniously. They deemed ignorance to bee

at

at best but a dead Sepulcher, in which many were buried alive.

Of the same minde were the tender parents of this sweet young Lord, and therefore incessantly exhorted him to be carefull rather of augmenting his Knowledge than his Estate, whom he readily obeyed, his ambition & their will being like two Lines that meete in one Center. The first shew of his inclination to vertue, was his love to Science, and her Favourites, which I may properly call the entry to that future Glory which vertue intended him, and Time deprived him of. Though he had Lands to till, he forgot not to manure his mind : Some by necessity are constrained to study hard, he by delight was invited to his Book. He was none of those who imagine all that time lost which they lose not, accounting all those Hourses mis-spent which they take from their pleasures, & give to their studies. He would praise every man that aspir'd to Knowledge, whether hee were his superiour, his inferiour, or his equall in Learning. His Superiour had his best words as his due, because he deserved them. His equall he would not despise, lest he should be thought to undervalue himselfe ; and his inferiour hee would not contemne or insult over : for he held it no glory to excell the inglorious. The very desire of Learning he thought laudable in any man, much more the Acquisitiou of it. It was an infallible Maxime with him, that except those Eternall Workes

Workes of the soule, wee can properly call nothing ours, in that all other things wee leave behind us find other owners. He therefore laboured that by a barbarous Ignorance hee made not a forfeit of an Inheritance so inestimable as is a faire Fame, which was able to make all the survivours of his name happy sharers in that honour posterity shall pay him. But what was the scope of his study? was it accutely to scold and wrangle, after the manner of the Times? No, his thoughts could not but bee at peace, whose spirit was composed of nothing but sweetnesse and mildnesse. Was it to pry into the unrevealed Mysteries of the Deity? Nothing lesse; for hee had found that many secrets in Nature remaine yet unexplicable, much more then are those of God inscrutable, and impenetrable by any humane eye. He had purpos'd the Fable of the Poets, which tells us that *Minerva strooke Tyresias* blind, for beholding her naked. The Morall is full, and significant, implying that the Deity must not be over-curiously searcht into. Was it for Vaine-glory, and to learne things more curious than profitable? No, he could not be proud of Knowledge, who understood that man was ignorant, and a stranger to himselfe, till God reveal'd him to himselfe. He learnt nothing being a Child, that would not prove advantagious to him being a Man. He hated superfluous Science, and made choise of such Authors onely as may instruct, not distract his

his minde. He knew it fared with the soule as with the body, which is not nourish'd by the greedy devouring of much, but the good digestion of a little. He made, according to the Proverbe, no more haste than good speed, finding, that to come to the end of a long journey required not to runne a pace, but to be ever going. Was it language and words he onely hunted after? Neither of those, for he loved the Kirnell farre better than the shell. If none of these, what then was the aime of his study? surely nothing but vertue, which hee knew to bee *Res, non Verbum*, as one sayes, *A Thing, not a Word onely*. And understanding that the Poets feigne her to have short armes, inferring, that he who covets to be embrac'd by her, must make a neare approach to her before hee can come within her reach, and attaine to that supreame Happinesse; he came so close up to her, and convers'd so frequently with her, that all his actions ever after favour'd of her sweetnesse. Her hee made his supporter, knowing that ingenious Antiquity represented her to us by a Hieroglyphick γ, whose toppe parts two wayes, and resembles a Musket Rest, to denote the aide and support shee affords those that put their trust in her. And because she divides her selfe into many branches, whereof some are divine, some morall, he resolved seriously, and intently to practise, first the former then the later. The three Theologicall hee first chose to exercise

F him-

himselfe in, were Humility, Obedience, and Charitie; and that taske ended, hee purposed to make a strong Essay to gaine a habit in all the Cardinall, and lesser Morall Vertues. In the service of these he made a vow to spend the remainder of his dayes, setting apart the vertues of *Italy*, where every Painter, Dancer, Tooth-drawer, and Mountebanke is cald a *Vertuoso*.

Here his religious parents stopt in againe to his ayde, who did not imitate the Images of *Mercury* set up in times past in the common Roades, with the fore-finger poynting out the way to passengers, but standing still themselves, not bearing them company. This loving couple (as happy in themselves, as in him) were his guides not onely by Advice, but Action.

Humillity extolled in it selfe and him.

The reason why hee beganne with Humility was, that it render'd him more apt and able to acquire the rest, and was the vertue his, and our blessed Master commenc'd and ended with, and all the Saints in imitation of him have studiéd, and with diligence put in practice. Our sweetest Saviour forbade his Disciples to divulge his miracles, least the World might thinke he gloryed in them, as appeares by his cure of the Leprous, of the Blind, of the Lame, and of the Dumbe, &c. In his Transfiguration hee gave them the same charge; *Reveale this Vision to no body*. His Disciples demanding who should be the greatest in the Kingdome of Heaven, he answered, *Whosoeuer shall humble himselfe like one*

one of these little ones, shall bee greatest there. What taught he but Humility, when hee said, *When thou art invited to a wedding, take not the first place at the Table.* What can perswade a man sooner to avoyd Vaine-glory, and to enrole himselfe amongst the servants of Humility, than his moving example of the Pharisee, and the Publican? He made choise to bee conceived of a poore humble Mother, and to bee borne not onely in no remarkable Country, but in a Stable, where beasts onely were witnesses of his Birth. Thirty yeares hee lurked in the World, in somuch that we read little or nothing of him in all that time, save that when hee was twelve yeares old, hee was found hearing, interrogating, and determining in the Temple. About his thirtieth yeare hee sent not for Saint John Baptift, but came to him, and demanded Baptisme at his hands: wherein wee learne a profitable lesson for the proud, who disdaine to visite their Inferiours. Hee that came from Heaven scorn'd not to wait on earth, on his owne servant: and shall insolent men who live on earth, and are made of earth, scorne or grudge to give each other a visite? He began his preaching in the same humble manner as John did, *Repent, &c.* He intruded not into the Nuptials of the rich and lofty, but of the meeke, and penurious, where Wine was wanting. When hee understood they meant to make him a King, hee flew into the Mountaines to conceale himselfe.

He being Lord of all things, paid Tribute as a servant. Hee travailed commonly on foot, and when he was weary, hungry, and dry, his lodging and fare were little better then that of the irrational Creatures. This is with ease proved, for he complains himselfe, that hee hath not a house to put his head in : and wee finde that when hee was faint and thirsty, hee had no other repose then on the ground, nor no other drinke then that pure Water drawne for him, by that purer *Samaritan*. Hee elected humble Disciples, and preached to them Humility. Hee said not to them, *Be Omnipotent as I am Omnipotent, Be Wise as I am Wise*; No, no, his Doctrine flew a lower pitch, and was delivered in a more stooping phrase, *Be humble, as I am humble*. He named himselfe the sonne of man, oftner then the sonne of God, and though hee was truly both, in that he participated of both Natures, yet hee chose his Denomination oftner from the inferiour nature then from the superiour. Hee made his Entry into *Hierusalem*, not like a Triumpher in a Chariot, nor on a proud Courser with rich Trappings, but on a sily Asse void of rich Furniture. Being to depart out of this World, that he might leave behind him an unequall'd and unheard of Example of Humilitie, he wash'd his Disciples feet, and wip'd them with the linnen cloth wherewith hee was girt. Lastly, every circumstance of his Passion rellisheth humilitie. Did the Saints digresse a whit from this path trod by their

their Redeemer? Surely no, one prooфе whereof we have in St. John Baptist, whose thoughts, deeds, and words were all humble. The Jewes enquiring of him whether hee were Christ, or a Prophet, he answered negatively to both: whereas our Saviour protesteth that the Humane Race could never boast of a greater then he. Hee assumed no higher a stile then, *I am the voice in the Wilderness, &c.* His Diet, his Raiment, and his Lodging were all contemptible. How often did that faire recover'd Bankerupt of all Grace, Mary Magdalene, fall at our Saviours feet, and wash them with her teares? After the miraculous cure of the lame by Peter; his speech was lowly, not attributing the fact to himselfe, but to the divine Vertue, and the Invocation of the Name of JESUS. When upon his entry into Cæsaria, Cornelius meeting him fell at his feet, hee rais'd him up, saying, *I am a man also as thou art.* Paul, and Barnabas hearing that the Inhabitants of the City of Lystris, concluded they were Gods and resolved to sacrifice to them, cut their garments in pieces, and running into the midst of the Throng, cried out; *What mean you to do? Wee are no other then poore Mortals, as you are;* Yet with this their clamour could they hardly keep the superstitious people from sacrificing to them. Paul submitted himselfe to learne of Aquila, and Priscilla, the Art of Tent-making, and got his living by it. This last, but most learned of the Apostles, was a submissive petitioner

for the prayers of others. *I beseech you Brethren,*
saith he, *even in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ,*
and the Charitie of the Holy Ghost, to assist me with
your Prayers. In other places hee termeth him-
selfe the least of the Apostles, and professeth that
he deserueth not the name of an Apostle. In his
Epistle to *Timothy*, hee descendeth yet lower;
Iesus, saith hee, came into the world to save Sin-
ners, whereof I am the chiefe. Of the same Hu-
mility rellysh these his meeke formes of speech,
Not aspiring to height of Knowledge, and thinking
themselues superiours to one another onely in Hu-
militie. *Armatura tutissima animi Modestia,*
saith Saint *Basil*, *A modest humble minde is an Ar-*
mour of proose. Wittily Saint *Bernard*, *As the*
morning Light is a sure signe that the Sun is en-
tring into our Hemisphære; so the very dawne of
Humility in any man, is an infallible Token of ap-
proaching Grace. This is the Vertue that sweet-
tens all the rest, and a good Frame, and securitie
ever attend it. By this the holy Martyrs have
triumph'd over Tyranny, and Death, and by it
have obtain'd the eternall Crown of Glory they
now weare. He who void of Humility, seeks to
engrosse other Vertues, doe like him who gathe-
reth dust to throw it against the winde. This
Vertue never entred into the Heads or Hearts of
the Heathen. *Nulla tanta est Humilitas,* (saith
Valerius Maximus) *que dulcedine Glorie non*
tangatur: There is no Humilitie so great, as to be
altogether senselesse of the sweetnesse of Glory. *Hu-*
milis

milis satis est (they be the words of *Livy*) *qui ex quo jure satis vivit, nec inferendo injuriam, nec patiendo etiam*: He is humble enough, who is a just observer of this equal Law, neither to act, nor suffer an injury. To these I may adde that of *Iso-
crates*; *Legi, Principi, & sapientiori cedere modestum est*: It is the part of a modest humble man to subje& himselfe to the Law, his Prince, and those in wisdome above him. The Philosophers in the beginning were so proud as to assume to themselves the stile of *Wise-men*, *Pythagoras* being the first, (as witnesseth *Laertius*) that modestly called himself a *Philosopher*, that is, a Lover of *Wisdome*. *Socrates*, indeed, seemed to look towards *Humility*, when hee said, *Hoc tantum scio me nihil scire: I only know this that I know nothing*. But this was spoken respectively, that what hee knew, was nothing in respect of that whereof he was ignorant. The *Stoicall*, Magniloquent Sect utterly excluded *Humility*, and the *Cynick* though hee appeared sordid and abject, was thought by other Sects as inwardly haughty as hee was outwardly dejected, which was intimated by his speech, who said to one of them, *That hee espied his pride through the hole in his Cloake*. The Poets went this way altogether, as farre as they,

— *Valet imam summis
Mutare & insignem attenuat Deus.
Obscura promens,* —

As

As saith the Horace, and Seneca in his Thyestes;
addeth,

Laus vera humili sapè contigit viro.

In this submissive Vertue this our sweete Bud
of Honour grew to such a height, that hee had
many noble Emulatours who aspired to climbe
to the same degree. Hee made Mans miserable
condition the Mirrour wherein his Humilitie
beheld her selfe. Hee rightly conceived, that as
the Tree that growes high must take deep root:
so the Minde that ascends to God must first pro-
strate it selfe before him. His sanctified soule (if
her Creatour accepted of her poore endevours)
was altogether carelesse of the applause of men,
like a chaste Spouse, who being ravish'd with
the delight she takes in the kisses and embraces
of her Husband, is nothing at all mindfull or
carefull of the frownes, or favours of others: yet
did she humbly comply with all men as farre as
the Service, and Honour of her Maker would
give her leave.

Obedience
commended
in it selfe, and
him.

This Vertue prepar'd him to receive the yoke
of Obedience, which he readily put on, and ne-
ver after disobediently cast off. He was confor-
mable in all things to the Word of God, the
Church, his Prince, Parents, Tutors, and Supe-
riors. That there was a God hee learn'd from
the Order, and Beauty of the Universe, which
to attribute to the Vertue, or power of things
crea-

created were to ascribe the motion of the wheel to the wheele it selfe, or the Excellencie of an Image to the Pensill. Hee saw nothing that put him not in minde of God, but being admitted to be a member of his mysticall Body , his Church, he there saw him more cleerly, spake to him, and receiv'd from him his divine behests, of which he forthwith vowed himselfe a most obedient, and religious obseruer.

The Duty hee owed his Parents, Nature had ingrafted in him, and Grace had assured him that hee deserves neither the stile of Noble, nor of Man, who neglects to bee dutifull to those to whom he owes his Life, and Being. A reverence to these in-seated in the Bloud. Two strange demonstrations of this Veritie wee finde in *Livie*, and *Valerius Maximus*. The first is, that *Marcus Pomponius* having accused *Lucius Manlius* of cruelty to *Titus Manlius* his sonne, the said *Titus* went to the House of *Pomponius* then Tribune, and with his Sword drawne, threatned to kill him, unlesse hee would sweare to let the Processe fall against his Father , and forced him to take that Oath. The later in *Valerius Maximus*, is of a Woman condemned to die by Famine , whom her Daughter then a Nurse (having leave daily to visit her Mother) nourished with her milke, which pious deceit of hers being detected, bred that relenting, and astonishment in the hearts of the Judges, that they not only pardoned the Mother, but in memory of this pious, dutifull

His obedience
to his parents.

Two rare ex-
amples of fi-
liall duty, and
pietie.

fact of the Daughter, razed the Prison to the ground, and erected in the same place a Temple to Pietie. *Diceret aliquis, saith Valerius, hoc esse contra legem Naturæ, nisi Naturæ primæ lex ejus diligere parentes: A man would say, that for the Daughter to give suck to the Mother were a thing preposterous, and against Nature, were it not that the first Law of Nature is to love our Parents.* Aristotle affirmes, that the Storks nourish their Dammes, in way of a gratefull recompensation of their care, and pains in breeding them. *Quicquid præstisti, saith Seneca, infra estimationem Paterni Muneris est: What ever I have perform'd, comes short of the Benefits for which I stand a Debtor to my Father.* None but Monsters of Ingratitude forget such blessings as these.

His obedience
to his Tutors.

His Tutors he honour'd and obey'd, not for feare of punishment, but love of Discipline. Hee sufferd not himselfe to be hail'd, and dragg'd to his Book, but was as sedulous in learning as his Masters in teaching, who (no doubt) had told him that the Muses love a smiling Schollar, not one who lowers on them, and beholds the Schoole with the same countenance Malefactors looke on the Gibbet. I cannot say whether his alacrity in receiving, or his care in executing his Tutors commands were the greater.

The esteeme of the holy Prophets, Apostles, and Fathers of the Church had this Virtue in ought to advance it much in our esteeme. God bound man to obedience presently after his creation,

tion in the state of innocencie, the breach whereof hee severely punish'd. *Noah* readily obey'd all Gods commands when the Floud was at hand. The swift obedience of *Abraham* was admirable, when without any delay at all, he made haste to sacrifice his sonne, and with his owne hands to let out his own blood. It is worthy our observation, that when ever the Children of *Israel*, or any of Gods servants fought with, or against his will, they had accordingly good, or bad successe. God told that if hee willingly executed all his precepts, hee would ever fixe the Throne of his Kingdome in *Hierusalem*: but on the contrary, if he did not perform them, he would cut *Israel* from off the face of the earth. Therefore, saith S. *Gregory*, is obedience better then sacrifice, bec. use by sacrifice anothers flesh, but by obedience our own wils are subdued, slaine, and offered up to the Almighty. An obedient man, saith Saint *Bernard*, deferres not the execution of a command, but straight prepares his eares to heare, his Tongue to speake, his feet to walke, his hands to worke, and all his thoughts are fix'd on the will of his Commander. And in another place, the same Father saith, That there is, no doubt, but hee deserves more grace, and favour, who prepares and makes himselfe readie to receive a command, then hee who willingly executes the same. To this alldudes that of *Plautus*,

— Pater adsum,
Impera quid vis, neque tibi ero in mora,
Neque latebrose me abs tuo conspectu occultabo.

And that of Terence,

*Facis ut te decet cum ist hoc quod postulo impe-
 tro cum gratia.*

Wee will conclude this point with that which Ovid speaks of Achilles.

*Qui toties socios, toties exterruit hostes,
 Creditur annosum pertinuisse senem.*

Charitie prai-
sed in it selfe,
and him.

The next that presents it selfe to our view is Charity, a Vertue that will usher any man to Gods presence, who is ambitious of that greatest of Glories. This Love is the King of all the passions of the soule, and motions of the Heart, he attracts all the rest to him, and renders them conformable to himselfe. His Essence consists in doing good works readily, diligently, frequently. Let us heare that excellent Father Saint Augustine magnifie this Vertue. *In Charity, saith hee, the poore are rich, and without it the rich are poor. This sustaines us in adversitie, tempers us in prosperity, fortifies us against unruly passions, and makes us joyfully do good works. This was it made Abel delightfull in Sacrifice, Noah secure in the Flood.*

Floud, Abraham faithfull in his peregrination, Moses merry amidst injuries, and David week in tribulation. This made the fire a playsfellow to the Children in the Furnace. This caused Susanna to be chaste above the temptations of man. Anna after the use of man, and the blessed Virgin without the knowledge of man. This animated Paul to be free in arguing, Peter humble in obeying, the Christians gentle in their confessions, and Christ himselfe prone to pardon sinners. What shall I say? Should I speake with the tongues of men, and Angels, and want Charitie I were nothing, it being the soule of Divine Knowledge, the Virtue of Prophesie, the salvation contained in the Sacraments, the fruit of Faith, the riches of the poore, and the life of the dying. He addes, A man may have all the Sacraments and yet be evill, but he cannot have Charitie and be so. Againe, Science if it be alone, is puffed up with pride, but because Charitie edifies, she suffers not Knowledge to swell. He calls it in another place, the eement of soules, and the societie of the Faithfull. Saint Hierome commends it to us in these words. *I do not remember any one hath died an ill death, who willingly perform'd the Works of Charity: the reason is because hee hath many Intercessours, and it is a thing impossible that the prayers of many should not penetrate the sacred eares of God.* Sweetly, saith St. Gregory. *As many boughs spring from one root; so many Vertues are deriv'd from Charitie alone, in which not rooted, no branch of goodness can flourish.* To these Suf-

frages, I will adde that of Hugo, O divine Charitic, I know not how I shoulde speake more in thy prayse, then that thou didst draw God from Heaven to Earth, and didst exalt Man from Earth to Heaven. Needs must thy force be great, since by thee God was so humbled, and Man so exalted.

In so few yeares as fourteene, a man can expect onely a propensity to this, and all other Vertues : yet he that looks for no small progresse in this, and most of the other (for the practice of some are not incident to that tender age) shall not have his expectation deceiv'd. For his Charity, I may truly averre, that it was extensive not onely to his friends, and acquaintance, but to the poore, to strangers, and enemies also. Some friends he chose both for support, and ornament, as appeares by his love, and imitation of his truly good, and great Guardian, the Earle of Arundell, Lord Marshall of *England*, for no sooner had age ripened his judgement, but hee elected him for the object of his affections, and the modell of his actions. A copy drawne from so faire an originall, you will say could not prove deform'd. Others hee chose for delight, and all hee lov'd with a heart wherein Truth kept her Court. Some he would to his power so suddenly, secretly, and cunningly relieve, that they often times found their wants supplyed, before they knew from whence the benefit came, resembling in this a Physician, who cures his patient unawares, before he dreams of a recovery. Hee

His love to
his Friends.

ap-

approved that speech of *Diogenes*, *Manus ad amicos non complicatis digitis extendi oportere*: That a closed hand is not to bee reached out to a Friend. Where he discovered a compleat worth, hee disdained not to be a suitor, and first to make an offer of his service, in imitation of a Husbandman, who first tilleth, and soweth the ground, and then expects the fruit of his labour. His word, and the effect of it, were as inseparable as heat and fire. This true property of a Gentleman the Ancients decipher'd to us, when they painted a Tongue bound fast to a Heart. He was no importunate, or severe Exactor of the retурne of a love answerable in greatnessse to his owne; wisely, and nobly considering that hee is no true friend who is alwayes no more a friend then his friend is.

Marry (I must confess) hee was exceedingly curious, and cautious in his choice, following in that the counsell of *Bias* the Philosopher, *Amicos sequere quos non pudeat elegisse*: Follow such friends whom to have chosen you need not be ashamed. Hee applauded that of *Anacharsis*, *Multo melius est amicum unum egregium quam gregarios multos possidere*. It is farre better to enjoy one brave Friend then many meane and vulgar. Hee knew that they who in haste, and without mature advise contract friendship, suffer the same inconveniencie as they do, who greedily and hastily devoure sundry meates which they can neither quickly with ease and safety cast up, nor retaine.

His curiositie
in the choice
of his friends.

taine. He discreetly weighed, that friendship made with the wicked, is as unstable Vice, the Basis whereon it is built. As the Ocean with great labour strives to worke all dead bodies to the shore; so a generous friendship expells all such as are lost, and dead in sinne. It is not enough to be wise and good our selves, but we must not keepe the foolish and the wicked company, except we will incurre the censure of the World, and be our selves thought such. Vice, and the Vitious he fought with, after the manner of the *Parthians*, flying. If his dearest friend had solicited him to joyne with him in any act not warranted by Virtue, he would have answered him with *Pericles*, who to an intimate friend that woed him to forsware himselfe in his behalfe, replied; *I am my friends friend as farre as the Altars*. As if he should had said, *I will passe for thee through all miseries, dangers, and shipwracks, save that of Conscience, which like a Maid of Honour, I must preserve inniolated, and immaculate.*

A herd of
Friends hee
lov'd not.

As he was extreamly nice, and carefull, not to entertaine debauch't friends, so was hee also resolv'd not to admit of many. He was not ignorant that a River which hath many Armes, and out-lets, is alwayes in danger of being low, and drye. *Plutarch* maintaines, hee cannot be faithfull, and honest, who hath a herd of friends, because many may want his Faith, and assistance at one and the same time, to all which hee cannot bee

bee serviceable. But those he had once judicially chosen, and on whom he had fixed his affection hee still regarded with the same countenance; whether they were in a flood, or an ebbe of Fortune, cleane contrary to the course of flaterers, and dissemlblers, who fawne on their friends in abundance, and forsake them in penury, not unlike in this to Flies, which came in swarmes to a Kitchin full of flesh, and abandon it empty.

His affection to his friends tooke nothing from his care, and love of the poore. It was not hidden from him, that the chiefe worke of mercy, is to have pitty on a mans owne soule; hee therefore first endeavoured to mundifie his owne heart, knowing that God more than man respects the pure minde of the giver. True it is, he was in his Nonage, and had no great store out of which his Liberallity should flow, but all hee could spare Charity dispos'd of. God Crownes the intent where he findes not the faculty. Legitimate Mercy proceedes not from a full purse, but a free bosome. He that in his heart compassionates his neighbours infortunite, deserves more of him, and in the sight of God, than hee who gives him onely a materiall Almes, for hee who gives, parteth onely with his outward substance; but he who affords the indigent sighes, teares, and groanes, imparts that which comes from within, from the very Center of the soule. He kept to himselfe onely what was necessary

His love to
the poore.

cessary, and the superfluous he imparted to the Needy. Hee piouly meditated, that Poverty is a consecrated Field, that quickly returns the sower a plentifull harvest. It fares with spirituall, as with temporall Husbandry, unlesse seed be scattered, no encrease can be expected. He laid up his Treasure in his true eternal Country, Heaven: He thought continually that he heard the voice of his Saviour thus saying. *I was thy Benefactor, now make me thy Debtor, become my Vsurer, and thou shalt centuply receive the Summe thou disburfest.* In obedience to his command he assisted, as farre as in him lay, all that wanted. He that gives indifferently to all, shall ever bee mercifull, but he who sits upon the Lifes of the poore, and judgeth them according to their faults, not their necessities, shall seldome or never doe good. We ought to cast our eye on nature, not on the person, according to that of Aristotle, who being reprehended for succouring a Lewd, but poore man, replyed, *De Humanitati, non Homini. I give to Humane Nature, not to the man.* He murders the poor, who denyes him that whereby he subsists. Most accursed is he who shuts up in his Coffers the Health and Life of the distressed. In vain he lifts up his hands to heaven, who extends them not to the succor of the afflicted. It is a loevly ruine, and a pleasing spectacle to Christ, to see a devoute man undoe himself with his own hands, in freely and readily bestowing al that he hath on the naked. But oh! it is deservedly to be lamented that

that the whilome downy open hands of mercy are now shut, and brawny, and that most men either out of a flinty Nature, or out of a needless feare to be thought Vaine-glorious leave to bee pious. To the former hard-hearted brood, whom no misery cf another can move. I wil say with *Pliny*, *If they merit the Epithets of wise & valiant they shall not be denied them, but we will never grant they shall be stiled wise, and valiant men Men, since they have unman'd themselves, lost their bowels, and cast off all Humanity.* The later, who make Vaine-glory their scruple, I can assure that the Benefit is not despicable before God, which is confirm'd in the sight of men, but that which is done to the end men may see it.

From his pronesse in giving, we now come to his readinesse in forgiving, another office of Charity, executed with farre greater difficulty than any of the former. To love desert in friends, or supply the wants of the needy, reason and Nature invite us, but to suffer disgraces, and intollerable injuries from worthles men, is a thing they both abhorre : for that of *Seneca* is most true, *Duplicat dolorem sustinentis indignitas Inferentis. The grieve of the sustainer is doubled by the indignity of the Afflictor.* Appositively to this *Cicero*, *Qui se non defendit, nec obficit injuria, si potest, tam est in vito quam si parentes, aut amicos, aut patriam deserat : Hee who defendeth not him selfe, and repelleth not an injury, if he can, commits as great a crime as he that forsakes his Parents,*

His ready for-
giving of in-
juries.

Friends, or Country. It is a thing not very hard for flesh and blood to rejoice in God, and his Blessings, but very difficult it is to take pleasure in all Slanders, Infamy, and Persecutions for his sake: for that gentle submissive soule, into which Ambition, nor the least thought of honour ever entered, would yet most gladly avoyd all abuses, and dishonours. But our now truely blessed one, the beloved Theme wee now handle, had learnt this holy humble Art of him, whose life was nothing but a continued passion. All injuries intended, or acted against himselfe he could freely pardon: but those which were directed against the Majesty and dignity of his Maker, he could not endure. In such a case a holy Fury becomes the Child of God. It favour'd in his opinion of more piety and wisedome, to overcome a slight injury, that reached not to his Parentage, or Religion, with silence, than with a tart replye; having found in Story, that small words have overthrownie great Cities. No wrong being equall to that which is done with reproach, and contumely, in that to an Heroicke Spirit the losse of blood is not so grievous as that of Reputation.

Valour magnified in it selfe and him.

We will now descend from the Divine to the Morall Vertues; amongst which Valour (according to the generall vulgar belief) is the first required in a Lord, or Cavallier. Therefore the Poets feigne the god of Warre himselfe to bee borne in *Thrace*, because the people of that Coun-

Country are hardy, and couragious. This was to denote that Fortitude usuall resides amongst men of a generous, and lofty straine, whose Education leads them to knowledge in good Letters, which at once informes them of the Renown of their Ancestors; and that the image of Fame was ever placed before the Temple of Mars, to intimate, that the great exploits of daring, and undaunted men, are by her carried into every corner of the earth. It will not bee amisse here to insert the judgements of the Fathers of the Church, passed on this vertue. St. Austin shall be the Chorus : *Qui vera virtutia fortis est nec temeraria audet, nec in inconsulto timet.* He who is truly valorous neither dares rashly, nor feares unadvisedly. That of St. Hierome deserves our observation. *Fortitudo via Regia est, aqua declinat ad dextram qui temerarius est, & pertinax, ad sinistram qui formidolosus est, & pavidus :* Fortitude is the Kings high way, from which he swarves on the right hand, who is foole hardy, and obstinate : He on the left hand who is cowardly, and fearefull. Wisely and pertinently Cassiodorus. *Vir vocatus, a viribus, qui nescit in adversis tolerando deficere, aut in prosperis aliqua elatione se jactare, sed animo stabili defixus, et Cœlestium rerum contemplatione firmatur manet semper in pavibus.* Man is so called from his strong and manly mind, which knowes not how to faint in suffering adversity, nor to boast & insult in prosperity, but fixed in a stable resolution, and confirmed by

the contemplation of heavenly things remayns evermore fearelessē. The Heathens themselves differd not in opinion from these holy men, as *Cicerō* testifies in his Rhetoricks : *Sicut scientia remota justitia caliditas potius quam sapientia appellanda est : sic animus ad periculum paratus si sua cupiditate, non aliena utilitate impellitur Temeritatis potius nomen habet quam Fortitudinis :* As Knowledge not accompanied with Justice, is rather to be called Craft then Wisdome : so a minde readie to encounter danger, if it be driven thereunto by its owne desire and pleasure, not the publick profit, meriteth rather the name of Temerity then Valour. In the same place, hee thus defines Fortitude. *Fortitudo est immobilis inter adversa gloria animi claritudo res arduas pulchre administrans, quæ nec adversis infestando frangitur, nec prosperis blandiendo elevatur : Fortitude is an unmoved glorious serenity of the mind fairly administering things difficult, which is neither broken nor dejected with the frowns of Fortune, nor puffed up with her smiles.*

All men admire, few understand what valour is.

This Virtue is justly admir'd of all, truly understood, and practised but by a few. Some think it valour to kill themselves, some to injure and provoke others, and almost all believe that a valiant man ought to feare nothing. For the first, that a man ought not to lay violent hands on himselfe all good Christians conclude. *Aristotle* thus cryes, this self-murther done : *Mollitudinis est laboriosa fugere : It argues a man of Effeminate*

cie to seek by Death to ffe from the troubles, and labours of this life. This Philosopher, and the Pythagoreans held that as a souldier ought not to leave his station without the command of his Generall. So no man shoule dare to goe out of this life without the leave of God, and Nature that gave it him. Wee will therefore spare the proote of a thing so universally granted by all Christians, and many Philosophers. But withall the strength of Divinity and Philosophy, I shall never bee able to convince the greater part of Mankind of another errorre almost as damnable as this, and that is a foolish, and pernicious Tenent, that they may lawfully fend Challenges, and accept of them, though the occasion of the quarrell be Wine, Dice, or prostituted Women. Nay, many a man is the Martyr of Temperancie, and is kill'd because hee will not excessively drinke. I knew two Gentlemen of great qualite, and little wir, fall out in a Taverne upon a protestation of the greatnessse of their mutuall love each to other. In this ardencie, each strove for prioritie in affection. One said, *Thou art dearer to me then I to thee*, whereupon the other replied with *the Lie*, and was run thorough in the place where he stood. Monsieur de la Nove a gallant and learned French Captaine demonstrates the misery of these Duels upon slight occasions, by an infortunitie that befell himselfe in the like case. Hee being importun'd by a Gentleman of his Nation, not Acquaintance, to be his Second; wil-

willingly, and thankfully condiscended to his Request; for, indeed, the French think themselves never so much honour'd as when their friends value them at so high a rate, as to put their Honours, and Lives into their custodie. Well, this brave Second associated his Principall into the Field, where they were to fight two to two. He no sooner arrived there, but with grief and horrour hee beheld his neerest Kinsman, and dearest friend hee had in the World ready to encounter him, as being the opposite Second. You may easily conceive, what a combat there was in his noble brest betweene Honour and Affectiōn, but the former being a Tyrant quickly overcame, and suppress'd the later, and violently hal'd this great Commander to combate his Friend, who there fell under his sword. I will omit all other examples, for all come short of this. *Non mediocris animi est fortitudo*, saith Saint Ambrose, *quaē sola defendit ornamenta virtutum omnium*: *Fortitude beares no meane dejected minde*, which alone defends the Graces, and Ornements of all the other Vertues. Sure I am, the most part of our Gentry put it to a cleane contrary use, and exercise it onely in the defence of Vice, and her deformed Litter. These silly brothers of the Sword either by the force of Drinke, Fury, or Ignorance, are rendred as stupid as the Natives of Barbary are with the excessive eating of *Opium*, which hurries them into Quarrels, that Grace and Nature both tremble

at

at. The *Spartans* ever before a battaile tempered, and allaid the choler of their Souldiers with the melodye of the Flute, and other instruments, that so their anger might not deface their Reason. We had need of some charming Musick to qualifie the heate and rage of our Rorers. Hardly will they endure the Test of the Scripture, who cannot undergo that of Aristotle. *First*, sayes he, *a valiant man fights not for feare of Infamy, or Reprehension*. *Secondly*, *not for the awē hee stands in of Military Discipline*. *Thirdly*, *not out of confidence of his skill in the Military Art, or of his oā strength and armature*. *Fourthly*, *not being urged thereto by the violence of naturall passions, as Anger, Griefe, Lust, and the like*. *Fiftily, not out of ignorance of his enemies force, nor out of feare of servitude, or hope of boorie*. *Sixtly, a valiant man is the Champion of honestie; for which onely hee is to combate all that oppose it*. He could not imagine any thing in excellencie above Honesty, which he still makes his utmost scope, not being so blessedly subtile as to discerne God and his Church. Examine wel all these Requisites of Valour, and how many now a dayes shall we discover, and allow valiant; most men fighting against all the Rules of Honesty, and the Laws of God? If our Nobility and Gentry shall diligently peruse ancient Histories, they shall finde that their renowned Ancestours never ascended to the Throne of Honour this way. Debaushes, Quarrels, and Duels were not the degrees by which

they mounted. They singl'd not out an enemy in the field upon exchange of idle words, never drawing their swords but to rescue their Country out of the jawes of Ruine, or their Prince from the Height of a Breach, or from the Centre of the Enemies Battalion. The Valour not thus nobly employ'd, they reputed no other then a womanish choler, a simple passion and a feeble revenge unworthy of a man magnanimous. Certainly, our Gallants cannot but imagine the great *Alexander*, and the mightie *Julius* to be nothing inferiour to them in this Vertue, yet did not they judge that a foolish hastie word should be put in ballance with a Life. These Master-spirits of the World were utterly ignorant what reparation of Honour the Lie claimed, and of the circumstances in managing a Quarrell, which these Hacksters make our yonger sort believe to be a Mystery, and by this ridiculous Science get their Livings. Those great Worthies concluded that the offence alwayes return'd upon his head that offerd it. From these single, bloudy Encounters, what can Gentlemen expect other then if they kil', to have their Lands confiscated to the King, and (if married) to have their Wives and Children live by the succour of the Knapfack, to leave infamy to their Posterity, and to have no other Historiographer then the Hangman; whereas their lives lost in a set Battaille, would make them ever live in the best Chronicles of theirs, and after times. Now suppose they fall them-

themselves under their enemies hands, what can ensue but a burial of their Names together with their bones, and (without Gods infinite extraordinary mercy) the damnation of their soules ? These Duels, and the Horse-races of our Gentry so much in request with them, have two goodly originals. The first began amongst the slaves of *Haniball*, after he had passed the *Alpes*, and the later amongst the Butchers of *Barnet*, who (their *London Markets* once ended) soundly dows'd in drinke, used to run home for wagers. What will these Fighters say, if I prove to them out of the great Secretary of Nature, *Aristotle*, that a man may feare, and yet be valiant ? First, saith he, *a valiant man may dread all things shamefull and wicked, and the Infamy of himselfe, and his*. Secondly, *he may feare all things so dreadfull, that they exceed the power of Humane Nature to withstand, as Thunder, Lightning, Earthquakes, Inundations, and the like, which yet he feares not, so that they shall make him forget to do the office of a man resolved*. Nay, hee stops not there, but maintaines that a valiant man may flie from an enemy without being justly branded with cowardise, in case hee findes his Life may be more profitable to his Countrey then his Death. Hee cannot then be said to shun death out of pusillanimity, but to reserve himselfe for a greater good.

But I desire to be read by my owne Light; for I would not have any man thinke that I inferre

by this Invective against the abuse of this Heroick Vertue, that I counsell any Gentleman to endure grosse Injuries of a high nature, such as may disparage his whole Race, Countrey, Religion, or hazard the safety of his person; for of these foule wrongs, all Nations allow a Repulsion, and the Ancients called this harmlesse defence, *Incorruptam Tutelam*. Therefore *Mars* was pictured with his Bosome open, to shew unto us that worthy men ought to expose themselves to all dangers, for the preservation of their Honour.

This deare Gentleman, whose losse wee condole, had not yet received force and vigour to make a demonstration of the externall valour, but the internall he had abundantly, as appeared by many seeds of true Magnanimity, which both by his carriage and speech, were easily to be discern'd in him. Such sparkes as these of a great minde the *Romans* discover'd in *Cato* yet a childe, and by those judg'd of his future Greatnesse. Two of these, as most remarkable, I shall here insert not onely to delight but to confirme, and strengthen the mindes of my Readers. He, and his brother *Cepio*, being educated in the House of their Uncle *Livius Drusus*, it happened that the *Latines* were at that time suitours for the obtaining of a City, and that one of the chiefe of them, *Popedius Silo*, was entertain'd, and lodg'd in the House of *Drusus*. *Popedius* one day amongst the rest talking, and jesting familiarly

Two admirabile signes of
Cato's future
valour discov-
erer'd in him
yet a childe.

liarly with the children, said to them, *Will not you intercede with your Uncle that we may have a Citie granted us?* To this *Cæpio* fairly and readily assented, and promis'd his utmost aid, but *Cato* silent and sullen, look'd on him with a brow knit, which *Popedius* observing, in a feigned fury, tooke the childe up in his armes, and held him out of the window, threatening to let him fall, unlesse hee granted his request. Notwithstanding all his threats, *Cato* still continued his silence, and his frowns; whereupon *Popedius* set him down againe, and whispered this softly to his friends standing by. *What will this childe doe when he comes to be a man? I believe wee shall not obtaine by his consent one voice from the people of Rome.* Another proofe of his Magnanimity hee gave in the time of *Sylla*. Being about the age of fourteen, *Sarp. don* his Tutour carried him to salute *Sylla*, who civilly and gently, receiv'd him in remembrance of the friendship he had contracted with his father. The palace of *Sylla*, was then no better then a slaughter-house, into which men were carried bound, and there suffered all kinde of wracks and tortures, and after those death it selfe. The heads of proscribed men were as commonly, and openly carried in and out, as if they had belong'd to beasts: which *Cato* at severall Visits, not onely took notice of, but withall mark'd how good men sigh'd and groan'd at this cruelty, and he himselfe abhorring so bloody a Tyranny, with a resolute minde, and countenance

nance said to his Tuteur; *Why does no man kill this monster of men?* To this Sarpedo replyed, Because they fear him more then they hate him: but you answered Cato, have given me a sword that I may dispatch him, and free my Countrey from servitude. Hee utterd this with such fiercenesse, that Sarpedo after that time seldome or never presented him to Sylla, or, if he did, it was not without preparation of him by his authority, and advise.

Temperancie extolled in it selfe, and him.

From the vanquishing of outward Enemies, our method leads us to the subduing of inward, which are our passions and affections. The Conquerour of these is Temperancie, who is Natures Minion, and studies her preservation. By this Reason governes the sensuall part, tames it, and makes it endure the Bitr. Without this, our passions will violently carry us into the gulph of pleasure, out of which few or none return at all, or, if they doe, it is not without suffering of shipwrack, and extreame perill. Delights betray us with kissing, and having charm'd us into a profound sleep, we no sooner awake, but wee see our selves environ'd with Horrocour and Despair, out of whose sharpe claws none ever yet escaped unwounded. In the entry to Voluptuousnesse we discerne nothing but Roses, Violets, and the prime flowers of the Spring strewed in our way, but in comming backe, wee view nothing but unked, dismal Objects of solitude, and sorrow. The comfort is incredible of those who joyfully flie

flie into the imbraces of this Vertue, loathing and abhorring the very shadow of Intemperancie, which ugly Traytresse never leaves Youth till she hath brought them to those *Precipices* which she hath prepared for their destruction. The famous Oratour *Demosthenes* upbraided the *Athenians* with this folly, that they never treated of peace, but in mourning Garments, which they wore for their friends lately lost in the Warres. And this is the custome of luxurious men, they never so much as mention Sobriety, and Continencie of Life, till they are under the lash of the Physician, or the hand of Death. *We are by much more vertuous*, saith *Pliny*, *in sicknesse then in health*, *wee then make God and Vertue our continuall meditation*, and are no longer ruled by our passions and affections. *We are not then Amorous, Ambitious, Covetous, Rvengefull*. Riot is like a fierce untamed Tiger, the keeping whereof is as perillous as the taking. Wee must here imitate *Vlisses*, not his followers, whom *Circes* turn'd into Swine. If wee lend an eare to the inticing, ravishing voice of pleasure, we also shall be transform'd into beasts. This Vertue is exercis'd in brideling, and restraining the inordinate appetite to meat, drinke, and Venery. The *Romans* used ever to imbowell their dead, and not to allow those ignoble parts, the panch, and guts buriali, as being the onely causers of our Dissolution. Hec is unworthy the Name, and Definition of man, who lives onely to eat. *Diogenes* called the Belly

Belly the *Charybdis* of the Life. *Musonius* the Philosopher warns us that it is decent, and behooffull that man alone, amongst all Creatures, being descended from the Gods should chiefly nourish himselfe, as they do, with contemplation, not minding food farther then to satisfy nature : Drunkennesse , and Gluttony are comprehended under excesse , who is the common mother to both.

Drunkennesse
dispraised.

The Ancients represented to us the vglinessse of the former, by picturing *Bacchus* naked and young , to signifie unto us, that Drunkards can keepe nothing secret. As when Wine begins to worke in a Vessell, that part of it which is in the bottome mounts up to the top : so a Drunkard discloseth the secrets that lie in the very bottom of his heart. His Chariot was drawn by Lions, Leopards, and Panthers , to intimate unto us that Wine metamorphoseth them into Savage bruits , that drinke it beyond measure. They drew him clad in Goats skins , to denote the incontinencie of such. His Sacrifices were ordinarily executed by women , to argue the effemiancie of men given over to that vice.

Gluttony re-
prehended.

Neither are Surfeits of meate lesse odious and enormous then these of drinke. What a strange and undecent sight is it to behold men lothing, and longing for meats, like women with child ? Where this Vice raignes , nothing of value can reside. As when we behold the Sun through vapours, and clouds, he appeares not to us so beautifull

tifull as when hee is in his full shine, having nothing interpos'd between him, and us: so a soule charged with Repletion & Fumes that arise from excrements, and meates undigested is eclipsed, and through the mists and fogs raised by sensuality can discerne nothing subtile and generous, expressing no more harmony in her functions than we can expect from an instrument fild with Durt and Rubbish. Uncleane spirits love uncleane lodgings, as we may perceive by the Divells in the possessed man, who petition'd our Saviour that they might enter into the herd of hogs, not into Oxen, Sheep, or any other clean Beast, nourish'd with cleane food. The example of *Dives* should much terrifie these ravenous devourers, who was so cruelly tormented in his Tongue, the Organ of Tast. The devill knew man to be so prone to this sinne, that he made it the baite to catch our first Parents, and the snare wherwith he thought to hold fast our Redemer. *If thou bee the sonne of God, said hee, command these stones to be made bread.* *Innocentius* thus inveighes against this superfluous feeding. *Gula Paradisum clausit, primogenitoram Vendidit, suspendit pistorem, decollavit Baptistam, Nabuzardam Princeps coquorum Templum incendit, & Hierusalem totam evertit: Gluttony first shott up Paradise, sold the Birth-right, hang'd the Baker, beheaded St. John Baptist, Nabuzardam the Master Cooke burnt the Temple, and overthrew the Walls of Hierusalem.* The frequent use of de-

licious meates and drinke amongst the *Roman*s (as their *Jecur Anserimum*, their *Porcus Trojanus*, *Sumen, Vvedulae, Ficedulae, Phænicopteri*, and their generous Wines, *Cecuba, Falerna, &c.*) caused them to be as much censur'd by succeeding Historians, as their vertues made them admir'd. The Naturallists report, that the Sea-horse hath his heart placed in his belly, to intimate his voracity. *Philoxenes* wished his neck were as long as a Cranes, that he might the longer feele the sweetnesse of his meate. I knew an old witty Epicure of this nation who hath often in the presence of a whole Ordinary, wish'd himself a Cowe, that hee might eate his meate over twice. Alas, said hee, a man hath small pleasure in feeding twice a day halfe an howre at a time, I would bee ever eating. He wished if hee must needes goe to heaven hee mought bee wound up therethen by a Jacke. All the while this glutton pamper'd his body, his soule starv'd, receiving no nutritment, but what was uncleane and putrid. *Sminderid's* rode a wooing attended by a thousand Cooks, a thousand Fowlers, and as many Fishers. That this sin of gluttony is no solitary vice, but is ever accompanied by Incontinency. St. *Hirome* tells us. *Semper Saturitati juncta est Lascivia: Vicina igitur sunt venter, & genitalia; pro membrorum ordine ordo vitiorum.* *Lasciviousnesse* ever associates satiety. Therefore are the Belly, and the secrets placed close by one another, to shew that they are as neare in consequence and dependency

pendancy as in scituation, the one feeding and maintaining the other. Wherefore they were in no errour, who stiled hunger the friend of Virginity, in that it cooles the boylng blood, and renders the Flesh subiect to the Spirit. Water, Fruits, and Rootes were mans first sustinance. Lord how farre is his dyet alter'd from its first simplicity? Remarkable is that saying of Alexander : *I know no better a Cooke to procure me an Appetite to my dinner, than to rise betimes, nor to my Supper, than to eate little at Dinner.* Epictetus Counsaileth us, not to decke our Rooms with Tablets and Pictures, but with Sobriety, and Temperancy ; in that the former onely feed the eyes, but the later the soule, to which they are eternall Ornaments.

This our sweetly dispos'd Lord closely followed the advice of this Philosopher, who in all his Actions did nothing without the consultation, and approbation of Sobriety, and Modesty. Hee never was invited to a feast, but he diligently cal'd to minde that hee had two guests to entertaine, the body, and the soule ; and that what ever he bestowed on the one, would be corrupted, and converted into Excrements ; but what hee conferred on the other would enjoy the same Eternity with it. He observ'd such a beautifull Order in all his desires, that they never ranne before, nor lagg'd behinde, but ever kept that rank in which Reason had placed them. He lived by a Rule composed, and confirm'd by either Testa-

ment, and taught his soule to affect nothing shee might not lawfully covet. Thus wee see the admirable fruit Temperancy brought forth in his mind, and will in all other wherein shee is once planted. I will give a period to the discourse of this Vertue, with the words of Prosper, who thus extolls it. *Temperantia facit abstinentem, parcum, sobrium, moderatum, pudicum, tacitum, & Verecundum.* *Hac Virtus si in animo habitat libidines frænat affectus temperat desideria sancta multiplicat, vitios a castigat, omnia inter nos confusa ordinat, cogitationes pravas removet, scientiam inserit, ignem libidinose cupiditatis extinguit, mentem placida Tranquilitate componit, & totam ab omni in semper tempestate Vitiorum defendit.* Temperancy makes a man abstinent, sparing, sober, moderate, chaste, silent, and modest. This Vertue once entred into the mind, bridles lust, tempers affections, multiplies holy desires, and chastiseth the vicious, sets our confused thoughts in order, and removes the wicked ones, inserts knowledge, quencheth all libidinous flames within us, composeth and setteth the minde in a pleasing Tranquility, and evermore defends every part of it from all stormes raised by Vice.

Justice exalted in it selfe, and him.

Justice challengeth a place here, and deservedly, it being a Cardinall Vertue, and of great eminency, not only amongst the Morall, but Divine vertues also. Homer sayes, she was begotten by all the gods, so divers, and so admirable are her

her effects. Cicero thus commends her to us : *Justitia Virtutis splendor est Maximus, ex qua viri boni nominamur.* Justice is the greatest splendour of vertue, from which we purchase the names of good men. Most elegantly Cassiodorus: *Justitia non novit Patrem, non novit Matrem, veritate novit, personā no accipit, Deum imitatnr: Justice knows neither Father, nor mother, she knowes Truth; she is no respecter of persons, and is in that an imitator of God.* According to the strict or slacke practice of this vertue, all Common-wealths have flourish'd, or decay'd. Without her what were Man-kinde , but a confused multitude of ravenous hungry Lyons, living by rapines, and murders. This Vertue consists of two parts , the distributive, and commutative. The distributive is chiefly Regall, and appropriate to Emperours, Kings, Princes, and to all those who derive their Authority from them. The Commutative is an equall and just dealing betweene all men , of what Condition soever they be.

The former part is of greatest dignity , and acted but by a few, and they of great ranke, and quality: yet of those few how many shall we find that execute the great Offices committed to their charge by God himselfe with impartiality and equity? The difference Aristotle puts betweene a just Prince and a Tyrant is, that the aime of the former is the publicke good, the scope of the later is his owne profit. These two behold their Subjects with a different eye, no otherwise than a

Shepherd, and a Butcher looke on a sheepe to different ends, the one to preserve, the other to destroy it. A Tyrant is like *Boreas*, that ever threatens shipwrack and ruine; A just King resembles *Zephyrus*, whose breath begets plentie and sweetnesse. That a just King, or Judge ought to be a most studious, and carefull Investigatour of the Truth, is taught us by the example of God himselfe, who said, *I will descend, and see whether the cry which is come unto mee be just, or no.* The Ancients pictur'd *Astrea* (whom they made a Representour of Justice) without a head, which they said was in Heaven, to signifie that Justice should not regard men, but have her eyes fixed on God. In *Athens* the Delinquents ever pleaded before the Judges with their faces covered, lest the sweetnesse of some pleasing countenance should so much move, and so farre work upon them as to make them doe injustice.

Two stupendious presidents of Justice.

Two stupendious presidents of Justice wee have in two mighty Monarchs, *Selēnchus*, and *Cambyses*. *Selēnchus* having made a law, the transgression whereof he ordaind to be punish'd with the losse of both eyes: it most unfortunately happened that his own sonne was the first transgressor of it, whereupon being a most iadulgent Father, and withall a most severe Justicer, to satisfie the rigour of the Law, he caused one of his own eyes to be pulled out, and another of his sonnes. *Cambyses* having condemned a cruell and corrupt Judge to be flead alive, caused the chaire of

of Justice to be covered with his skin, and make the sonne of this monstrous Oppressour fit, and give judgement in it, for an astonishment, and terrour to him, and all succeeding Judges. *Iunius Brutus* executed his own children, for their conspiring against the liberty of their Country. By the severe Lawes of *Daco*, which were written in bloud, when the Authour of a Crime could not be found out, even things inanimate were cited, condemn'd, throwne out of the City, banished for ever, or broken in pieces, according to the Nature of the Fact. As a Physician, or Surgeon oftentimes administers stinking and loathsome potions, nay, sometimes cuts off a limbe, and all this for the preservation of his patient: so in the body politick, a just Judge alwayes inflicts bitter punishments on the putrid, wicked members of the Common-wealth, nay, sometimes cuts them off, having this for a State-maxime, that hee who is mercifull to the bad, is cruell to the good.

In this distributive part of Justice, no wise man can look that this our mirrour of the youthfull Nobility should attaine to the least degree of perfection, since neither his few yeares admitted, nor his Prince called him to sit in the seat of Justice. In the commutative part hee was no way defective, doing to all men as hee would be done unto. In this hee strictly in all points obeyed the advice of *Seneca*: *Quisquis Justitiam sicutari desideras prius Deum time, & ama, ut ameris à Deo.*

Amar-

Amabis Deum si in hoc illum imitaberis, ut velis omnibus prodeesse, nihil nocere. Ab alio expectes quod alteri feceris. Praestabis parentibus pietatem, cognatis dilectionem, pacem cum hominibus habebis, bellum cum vitiis praestabis, amicis fidem, omnibus aequitatem: Whosoever thou art that desirest to follow Justice, first feare, and love God, that thou mayst be beloved of God. Thou shalt shew thou lovest God, if in imitation of him thou seekest to profit all, to hurt none. Expect from another what thou hast done to him. Thou shalt make an expression of pietie towards thy Parents, love to thy Kindred, thou shalt have peace with all men, warre with vices, thou shalt keepe thy faith unviolated to thy friends, and observe the Lawes of Equitie towards all men.

Prudencie
commended
in it selfe, and
him.

What should have beeene placed in the Front, comes here in the Reare, and that is prudencie, a vertue which serves, measures, graces, and crownes all other vertues whatsoever. As amongst precious stones some are of greater prize then the rest, and by their presence impart to them a lustre: so prudencie amongst all other Vertues, is of greatest esteeme in the eyes of all men, as being to the rest a Guide, a Gage, and an Ornament. As the eye in the body is by all preferred before the other senses: so prudencie in the soule is commended above all other perfection. In the troope of Vertues she hath the most honourable charge. Prudencie gives a measure, and a Gage to every other Virtue; for (if not mea-

measur'd, and directed by discretion) a needfull Care turns into an utter Despaire, a decent grief into Rage and Bitternesse, Love into Flattery, Hope into Presumption, Joy nto Wantonnesse, and a just Anger into an immoderate Fury. So that wee may perceive an undiscreet vertue to be no better then a Vice. This is shee that hath ever an eye to what is past, present, and to come, and out of all three picks this advantage , that her Aversary can never surprize her unawares, or take her unprovided. Shee laughs at that usuall saying of Fools, *I had not thought.* As in the warres, though the Enemy be farre off, the Watch is still constantly set : so she is always vigilant, and hath a severall ward for every blow of Fortune. She is like double-faced *Ianus* looking two severall wayes at one and the same time. This all men will readily grant me , that if Fortune cause a Tempest to rage and rore, shee shall not so soon sink him, that fore-seeing the storme hath taken in his sailes, as him, who mistrusting nothing, beares them all out. Prudencie teacheth us that in this rolling, tottering World there is nothing stable, & that the best remedie against an evill is the prevention of it. To be briefe, her assistance is more necessary, cleane through all the affaires of this life, then on the Sea is the government of a Pilot, who knows not how to affwage the violence of a storme, nor to appease the fury of the Windes, nor to gaine his desired Port at his pleasure ; whereas prudencie will for the

most part either prevent, or frustrate all practices that tend to her ruine. As if there were no Sun, we should live in a perpetuall darknesse, for all the comfort, and light the other Stars coald afford us: so except the beams of this bright, and radiant prudencie reflect on all our actions, and Negotiations, they will appeare dimme and sordid, notwithstanding all the light the other Vertues can lend us. This vertue was in such repute with *Ageſilaus*, that hee exhorted his souldiers, now ready for the combat, that they should not minde the multitude of their Enemies, but bend all their forces against *Epaminondas* their Generall; for hee once subdued, all the rest would in a trice be vanquish'd: *For, ſaid hee, none but wise and prudent men know how to prevent a defeat, or obtain a vicitorie.* This Vertue eminently and superlatively appear'd in all the proceedings of Christ himſelf with the *Jewiſh* Nation. When hee had attain'd to the age of twelve yeares, hee ſate in the Temple amongst the grave Doctours, questioning, answering, and instructing; and the Text witnesseth, that all who heard him stood amazed at his prudent demands and replies. Hee also deluded the Priests and Elders of the *Jewiſh* Synagogue, by prudently answering one question with another. When they asked him by what power hee did thofe Miracles? hee demanded of them, *Whence the Baptisme of John was?* When again they demanded of him if he were the Son of God? he replied, *You ſay that I am.* This prudencie

dencie (next to the Invocation of his Father) was the onely Engine wherewith hee defended himself against the pernicious plots of this Generation of Vipers. As no Architecture can come to perfection, without the help of the Compasses & the Rule: so stands it with Human Actions, without the aid of prudencie, none of them can receive their grace, and accomplishment. Let a man be master of all abilities imaginable, if he be not withall judicious and prudent, to make a right use of them, and to produce them in their proper times and places, they will acquire him rather shame then glory. If one could have *Aristotle* and *Seneca*, without book, and were withall injudicious, inconsiderate, & undiscreet, he would oftener purchase laughter then applause. *Diodorus* (omitting the idle Fables of *Proteus*) informes us that hee was adopted King by the *Egyptians*, in that he excell'd all men in Wisdome, which made him so cunning in giving, and taking counsell, and in changing it with dexterity when opportunity served, that hence arose the Fable, that hee could turn himselfe into so many formes and shapes. If in his determinations hee altered any thing, you could not so properly say he chang'd as hee fitt'd his minde to the present occasion; as we see the hand is the same still whether it be shut or extended. Indeed the nitide of a Wiseman is, as *Seneca* sayes, like the state of the World above the Moone, where there is no change He always returns home (as it is said of

Socrates) with the same countenance hee carried out; and, according to *Epicetus*, is like himselfe even in his dreames.

This our incomparable Child of Honour gave strong essayes to climbe the summyt of this vertue, both by diligent reading, and observation of all the writings and actions of the wise. In his conversation he ever applyed himselfe to those who had deservedly gain'd a fame in good Letters, or had acquir'd wisedome by Experience, whose sage precepts, and admonitions, hee as greedily dranke in, as a thirsty Traveller doth Water from a cleare fountaine. These he made the mirror, wherein he daily dress'd, and compos'd his mind, which was a Paradise into which the Serpent never enter'd, but he receiv'd a suddaine repulse. Two times especially hee made choyse of, to prepare and examine himself, the Morning, & the Evening. In the first he forecast what was that day to bee done, in the later he cald to minde what that day he had done. To doe good was his fixed resolution, and when he had the power to doe harme (& like the true sonne of Prudency) he never had the will: wheras the Nature of a foole is, when he hath not the ability, then to have the will to doe mischiefe, This Vertue was defused cleane through all his endeavours, nay through his very habit, gesture, and discourse; which were neither too minicall, too anticke, nor too grave, but suitable to the modesty required in so greene an Age. Impudency

dency (which Politicians prophanelly call the gift of God) he hated so in others, that hee never gave it countenance, nor harbour himselfe. In his Discourse he warily proportion'd his words to the bignesse of the subject he spake of : in imitation of a Mariner, that fits his Sayles to the smalnesse or vastnesse of his Vessell. As slender men lightly weare their cloaths loose, and large, a little to augment their bulke : so small wits, who want matter, enlarge themselves in words ; whereas indeed, that speech is best which comprehends most sence in fewest words ; as wee esteeme that Coyne most, which in a small compasse includes a great value. Hee was not hasty to speak, or in speaking, but in both prudently observ'd a decency. He was very carefull not onely what he vented, but what hee heard, that it relished not of Immodesty, Levity, or Vice ; for he held that, what ever it was, a villany to act, it was also a villany to harken to. Hee talked alwayes opportunely, and apposirively, never above his knowledge. He derided those who with a great dinne utter'd nothing but high profound *Non-sence*, resembling in that the Cypress trees, which are great, and tall, but beare no fruit. A visit given to a wise, but sick man, by one of these babling, curious impertinents, afflicts him more than his disease. His owne secrcts, those of his friends, or of the state, he neither reveal'd, nor pryed into ; for he was sure he could at any time speake what he had conceal'd,

but he could not conceale what he had once spoken. *En la boca ferada moxca no entra* (sayes the Spanish Proverbe) *Into a mouth closed a Flie never enters.* Hee had happily read, or heard, that *Anacharsis* the Philosopher was accustomed to sleep with his right hand on his mouth, and his left on his secrets, being of opinion, that the Tongue more than Concupiscence needed a bridle. Not to be tedious, I may boldly, because truely, averre that Prudency was the generall of his Demeanour, Speech, and Actions, and gave to all of them a Wise and safe Conduct.

His Death.

You see, pious Reader, what embellishment, what Ornaments his Life, like a sparkling Jewell, was set with ; and I imagine you cannot believe so faire a beginning could have a foule end. You cannot surely beat once so stupid, and uncharitable : If you can, you shall quickly be convinc'd of your Errour, and shall see this Sun-set, with the same glory in which he rose. First, in his sicknesse that led to his death he made use of his patience, a Vertue which miraculously overcomes by yielding. As he would not shunne his death, so he would not hasten it, but used all lawfull, and possible meanes to prevent it ; no otherwise than the Master of a Ship, who when the sayles are rent asunder, the Mast cut downe by the boarde, and a Leake sprung in the ship, yet still labours for life, and leaves no way unsought to preserve it. But when hee saw his incon-

His Patience.

constant Mistresse, *Nature*, ready to abandon him, and that as well Necessity forced, as God calld him hence: then selfe-love, the Lifes Jay-lour could no longer with-hold him from readily running into the Armes of Death, who he knew would soone usher him into the imbraces of his Saviour. He beheld Death no otherwise then a Pilot does the Winds and the Sayles, that will bring him to his desired Haven. He endured the terrible approach, and the furious assaults of Death with so undaunted a resolution of a man, and so firme unmoved a belief of a Christian, that he became at once a pleasing, and sad spectacle to his friends, who believed he could not so patiently undergoe such paine and torments, without the extraordinary assistance of some Beatificall vision. We see many in the darke are afraid of every thing, but the comfortable light expells all feare: so it is for those who are blinded with the Mist Atheisme, and Impiety, have cast before their eyes to doubt, and tremble: security becomes such as live and dye in the true Light, and are illustrated with the beames of Gods favour, as was this Patient of Heaven, who not being curable here, was thither to be translated. Before the comming of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles, they feared Death, and forsooke their Lord, but when they were once illuminated from above, they undauntedly appear'd before Tyrants, and constantly suffer'd Martyrdome. Having sent his desires long

long before to cast Anchor in Heaven, hee longingly expected his owne passage with a calme, patient, and contented minde, wherein no dis temper ever stay'd, but as an unwelcome stranger. At length when he perceived all his sensses were ready to forsake him, being innocently ambitious to retaine to the last his knowledge of all things, he suddenly by a holy Art drew the vastnesse of his memory into a Compendium, and remembred God onely in whom are all things, in whose Fatherly eternall protection we confident, and submissively leave him.

In this bud of Honour two things are deservedly to be lamented. First that it dyed under the hand of a Royall Gardner, who meant to underprop and cherish it: Secondly, that it so soone faded.

All men will confess his infortunacy was great in departing this life in the Reigne of a Prince great in the Union of the Roses, greater in that of the Lawrells, but greatest of all in the love of his people. He knowes full well, that full ill it went with man-kind if the Almighty Maker of all things should confine his favour to one onely, and neglect the rest of Humanity, and therefore as a god on earth (in imitation of the Heavenly) distributes his favours amongst all his subjects, but not *eodem gradu*, because they are not *ejusdem meriti*. Like the Sunne, he strives to impart the light of his countenance to all, and whither his beames cannot reach, thither

Two things
to bee lamented
in his
Death.

His infortuni-
ty in dying so
immaturely in
the Reigne of
so gracious a
Prince.

ther his warmth extends. Though all cannot enjoy the honour of his presence, all are sharers in the comfort of his benefits. We are not more happy in living, than this brave deceased Lord was unfortunate in immaturity dying under so gracious a King, diligent in the search after desert, and magnificent in rewarding it, who in all probability (upon a prooife made of his faith, and merit) might in him have raised his whilome great House to that Height from which Tyranny unmercifully threw it downe. I say to the same Height, not the same Titles.

As concerning the immaturity of his Death, I willingly acknowledge the suddaine, unexpected deprivation of one so deare, and so hopefull, must needs be bitter, and grievous to all those whom blood, friendship, or acquaintance had link'd to him. Yet ought they not to grieve immoderately, the sorrow of a Christian being by Christ himselfe bounded, and confin'd. Wee may deplore the absence of our departed friends, but we must not too much bewayle their deaths, because they are with God. As not to feele sorrow in sad chances is to want fence; so not to beare it with moderation, is to lack understanding, since it is fit that griefe should rather bewray a tender then a dejected minde. The effects of our sorrow must not too long out-live the cause. We moysten not the earth with pretious Waters; they were distill'd for nobler ends, either by their Odour to delight us, or

The immaturity of his Death.

by their operation to preserve our health. Our Teares are Waters of too high a price to be prodigally powred into the dust of any Graves. But we unwisely court sorrow, and as a Lover alwaies cspyes something in his Mistris that in his opinion exalts her above her Sexe, so wee labour to finde out causes for our excessive grieve, and to prove our present losse unequall'd, though indeed, it have many paralells. As the light handling of a Nettle makes it sting us, but the hard griping of it prevents that harme; so wee should not stroke and cherish our griefes, but out of Divinity and Humanity compose a probe that may search them to the quicke. Hee who heateth an Iron, takes it not out by that part which the fire hath enflamed, but by that end which remained without: Nor should wee take our afflictions by the wrong end, but if wee can finde any comfort to arise from them, wee should discreetly lay hold on that. Hee who comes into a Rosary, findes every Rose guarded with innumerable Thorns, yet he warily gathers the one without being pricked by the other. The most bitter accident hath a graine of sweetnesse and Consolation in it, which a wise man extracts, and leaves the Gall behind.

To apply this; out of the subitary death of this Noble Gentleman wee may cull many comforts. True it is, that Death is sayd to kill the old by Maturity, and the young by Treachery, and that unripe, untimely ends, are by all extreamly

treamly pittied ; but if we will harken to Reason, issuing out of the mouths of the most profound Philosophers, she will tell us that brevity of Life is to be preferred before longevity. If we will give beliefe to *Seneca*, he will assure us that Nature never bestowed a greater Benefit on man than shortnesse of Life, it being so full of Cares, Feares, Dangers, and Miseries, that Death is become the Common wish of all men afflicted. He who dyes soone, should no more complaine than he whose Navigation in a rough troubled sea is quickly ended. We account not those the best trees that have withstood the rage of many Winters, but those who in the least time have borne the most fruit. Not hee who playes longest, but sweetliest on an Instrument is to bee Commended. Compared with Eternity, the longest and the shortest Life differ not. Life is not a constant Fountaine , but a fickle Floud that quickly rises, and as suddainly falls. Some have compared life to a Bird in a Childe's hand, which sometimes flies away before hee can well fasten his hold on it. By the vertue of that Organ wherewith wee first behold the shine of the sun, by the defect of the same we are brought into the darknesse and shadow of death. It is so, it is so, Hee that built this faire Fabricke would have nothing stable , and permanent in it but himselfe. This goodly, rationall, subtle creature, Man, above the Stars themselves , and next to

Brevity of life
to be prefer-
red before
Longevity.

God himselfe in Dignity , able to penetrate into the deepest secrets of Nature, to observe the motions of the heavens, & to compass both heaven and Earth in a thought, is onely immortall here below by succession; Generation being as restlesse as corruption. *Themistocles* rightly affirmes that no creature is so miserable as Man , in that none but he knows the use of life, yet when with great studie and industry , hee hath attain'd to that knowledge, he is by death depriv'd both of life and it together. Age brings to us experience in one hand , and Death in the other. *Just were the terrors, and sweet was the Humanity,* saith Pliny, *of that Royall and youthful * Gracian,* who wept to thinke that not one of that glorious immense Army hee then commanded shoulde survive one Age. Such a gentle commiseration of humane frailty made *Anselme* thus cry out. *O durus Casus ! Heu ! quid perdit homo ? quid invenit ? perdidit beatitudinem ad quam factus est, & invenit mortem , ad quam factus non est.* O hard hap ! Alas ! What did man lose ? What did he finde ? Hee lost the blessednesse to which he was made, and found death to which he was not made. Shal then the valiant, & the learned have a harder fate then fools, in so soon parting with those Crownes which *Mars* and *Apollo* have placed on their heads ? shall they so suddenly be deprived of the comfort of that faire Fame which with bloud , and sweat, with fasting and watching they have purchas'd ? Yes, yes, *Cesar* shall never terrifie the World again with his valour

* *Xerxes.*

lour, nor *Cicero* charme it with his eloquence. The sword of the one, and the pen of the other have now with their Lords the same eternall and unprofitable rest. Alas, alas, Mans is as brittle as glasse, but not so conserveable. As he encreases in growth, his life decreases. As whether one sleeps, or wakes in a ship under saile he is insensibly, as it were, carried away towards his intended Port; so what ever we are doing, we unawares sail towards the region of death. Time deals with man Arithmetically; He first addes to his Beauty, and multiplies his Graces, and then hee subtracts all these, and makes a long lasting Division between him and Nature. It were strange, if we should think wee shall never arrive there, whither wee are ever going. *Plutarch* writes of creatures in a certain part of the World which are borne in the morning, are in their prime at noon, grow aged towards the evening, and are dead ere night. Had these reasonable soules as wee have, they would have also the same passions. They would after our womanish custome lament their untimely death who die before noon, esteeme them happy that live till the evening, and yet bewaile them too who depart at night. Our fond whining were seasonable, and to purpose, if it could prevent the death of our friends, or call them from the dead; but it favours of a vain, foolish arrogant ambition to desire they should be privileged, and exempted from the fatall, common condition of Mankinde, since wee cannot be ignorant

God hath set
down a pe-
riod, beyond
which Nature
her selfe shal
not passe.

This World
compared to a
Theatre.

norant that God hath set down a period beyond which Nature her selfe shal not passe. Nothing representeth better to us this world then a theater; wheron one acts a King, another a Lord, a third a Magistrate; others again play the base servil parts of fools, messengers, & mutes. Some of them stay, stare, strut, & look big a long time on the Stage; others only shew themselvs, & without speaking one word, as soon as they come on go off againe; to conclude, all have their *Exits*: So we poore Mortals who are sent by our provident omnipotent Creator into this world, to undergo several charges (some wherof are honorable, some ignominious) have al an egress out of this life, as wel as an ingress allotted us. Some a long time be at this earthly Stage with the Majestie of a Tragedian; others are fools & sneak up & down to the laughter of all men; others again lie manacled, bed-rid, or (which is the worst of Fates) distracted. Some no sooner enter but they go out again, as did that child in the besieged, depopulated, desolate town of *Saguntum*, who by an instinct of Nature, no sooner put his head out of his Mothers wombe, but he pull'd it in again, as divining the approaching destruction of his Citie and himself. To continue the similitude; As hee who acted an Emperor (the Play once done) is no better then he who represented a slave: so the Grave, as *Horace* saith, equals all, the King & the Beggar. Pertinently to this S. *Ambrose*, *We are born naked, saith he, and die naked;* & there is no difference between the carcasses of the rich, and the poore, save that the former stinke

*stinke worse through a repletion with excrements,
which sursets of delicious fare have left behinde.*
This world is Deaths region, about it as a triumper over all flesh he rides his circuit. Since then his coming is so necessary, so inevitable, whether he comes in the dawne, the noon, or twilight of life, let us bid him welcome. What should hinder us to doe so I cannot tell; since as there is no ship but in one Voyage or other dasheth not against some hidden rock, or shelf: so the most happy life is not free from infinite crosses and disasters. Yet though every man knows the inconveniences & perils of this life, saith S. Austin, and that he must once die, yet all men seeke to shun, and defer the houre of death; not onely the heathen, but they to who believe the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. To our reproch the holy Father spake this; for though it be no shame for a Gentile to fear death, whose onely scope of life is to see and be seen, to know & be known; yet to a Christian it is, whose aime and desire should be not onely to serve God faithfully here, but also to raigne gloriously with him hereafter. What is necessarily to be done, a wiseman does voluntarily; let us not therefore with the foolish Tyrant in *Lucian*, either with tears, prayers, or bribes vainly think to perswade inexorable Death, but wisely consider that wee are neither the first, nor the last; All have gone before, and must follow us. Nay, not a mandies, that hath not at the same time many to accompany him, who arrive at the house of Death by severall waies. Life is a due debt to God and Na-

Nature, as long as we have it, we enjoy a benefit, when wee are deprived of it wee have no wrong. Let us then daily render it backe to him that gave it, since hee is a bad debtour who unwillingly payes. As a Souldier, the signe once given, readily obeys the command of his Generall, and armed at all poynts, followes him through all Dangers, and faceth Death himselfe : so must we chearefully obserue the very Beck of our Heavenly Commander, and through all miseries and destruction it selfe make our way to him. Death should be no longer formidable to us, since our Redeemer hath taken out his sting, and hee is now no other then an old toothlesse Dragon. It is a foolish thing to delight in sleep, and abhorre Death, sleepe being onely a continuall imitation of it. Hee that seriously contemplates the priviledges, and advantages that accompany a Christian Death, will be in love with it. It is the Refuge of the afflicted, and the end of all earthly evils. It takes not life from us, but presents it to the custodie of Eternity. It is not an end but an intermittance of life, nor no longer a punishment, but a Tribute, and we are gainers by it. As he who hath a long time layne in a darke dungeon, is beyond imagination joyfull when he comes to the light : so the soule when shee is freed from the vapours and clouds in which the flesh involv'd her is ravish'd with delight. While shee is yet in the body, though her ambition reach at Heaven,

yet

Death to a
Christian nor
a punishment,
but a tribute.

yet is shee still clogg'd with that heavy masse of earth, and cannot so nimblly and nobly operate as she wouldest. She may fitly be call'd the Guest, and the Body the Host, that makes her pay dearly for her clayie lodging. For if a Magistrate be vexed and busied to subdue and pacifie the Rebels of a seditious Citie, needs must the soule be troubled and afflicted, who hath a harder office as sign'd her, which is to bridle, and restrain the vicious, inordinate, dissolute affections which are inseparable adjuncts to her while shee hath a conjunction with the body.

The prerogatives of Death being so many, and so certaine, let us no longer condole the decease of this our compleatly noble Friend, but congratulate his happy departure hence, and his safe arrivall in the Imperiall Heaven. When *Procules Iulius* had reported to the *Romans* that hee had seene *Romulus*, and that assuredly hee was a God, a Wonder it was, saith *Livie*, how much they gave credit to this Tale, and how greatly the misse of *Romulus*, both amongst the Commons, and Souldiers, was by this belief of his Immortalitie digested. Much more should our sorrow be mittigated by the confidence we have that this our blessed Friends soule is ascended to him from whom it descended: When Brasse or Gold is melted to make the Statue of some great deserving Man, wee say not that the Mettall is lost, but dignified: In like case when a Body is turn'd into its first Principles, Dust, and Ashes,

wee who have an eye to the glorious Resurrection of it, thinke not it is utterly ruin'd, but dissolv'd to be refin'd. As in the Eclipse of the Sunne or Moone, wee nothing at all wonder, or grieve, because wee know either Starre will resume its former splendour : So wee who are conscious of the divine promise of Immortality should undismay'd, believe the death of this our honour'd friend, no other then a passage to a better eternal life. I wil conclude with this double consolation to all his Honourers. First, that hee died with that matchlesse comfort, *The love of all men*, and heard yet living, the judgement men would passe on him dead, and was, as it were, present with posterity. Secondly, that whereas here hee ranne a perpetuall hazard, in that hee carried a heavenly Treasure in an Earthy Vessel, hee now lives in an unmoved Securitie, and that Treasure is enclosed in a Magazine to which the Heavens are Walls, and the Angels Warders. It is now high time to cover this sweet, beautifull issue, who with the Rose and Violet is lay'd downe to sleepe in the Bosome of his first Mother the Earth, and shal enjoy, though it may be not so suddaine, yet as certaine a Spring as they, and which is more, an everlasting.

FINIS.

Epi-



ELEGIES V P O N THE DEATH O F T H E LAST LORD STAFFORD.

AS over-rich men find it harder farre
At employ what they posseſſ, then poore men are;
Such is the ſtate of thoſe who write of thee,
Whilſt in that larger field diſplaide they ſee
All objeſts which may helpe invention in,
They know not where to end, where to begin.
And as into this Labyrinth they fall,
Loth to omit the leaſt praise, loſe them all.
Then whilſt ſome ſtyle thee with the glorious name
Of lineall heire to Mighty Buckingham,
And tell the greatnessſe of thy line that ſprings
From ſuch as could raife up, and throw downe Kings
Ile not looke backe; but with the Indians runne
To meeke and court ihee, is my riſing Sunne.
My offrings to thy mem'ry ſhall be ſene,
In telling what thou werſt, or wouldeſt haue beene.

Elegies.

Why say I wouldst ? when the most jealous eye
Could find no want, bough in thine infancy,
Which some say promist much, this I disdaine,
For where the gifts are, promises are vaine ;
Since in this noble yong who did not see
The old mans wisdome, young mans industrie ?
A humble Majestie, that could tell how
To scorne a league with pride ; yet make it bow.
Whose courage w. is not in extremes like ours ;
With ebs and flowes, causd by the passions powers :
But w. is a constant ever grafied love
To blessed goodnesse, and the powers above.
Who though he joyed in this fraile mortall life,
As one whose soule had felt no ingo'd strife :
Nor labour'd with impatienc hast like some
To breake their prison ere the freedome come.
Yet when the ever seeing power had found
So faire a flowre plantid in barren ground ;
Whose glorious beauties which that frame inspir'd,
Were entyed more then followed or admir'd :
Resolv'd to take what he had onely lent,
As giving him reward vs punishment ;
Then death was welcome, and he so resign'd
(Not feeling griefe to leave, nor feare to find)
That such his parting was as might be said,
whilst he staid here, he l.v'd not, but obey'd
That happy call, which all cleare soules expect,
Whose doufull states are chang'd to be elect,
Let then such friends as mourne the sad decay
Of his great house, in him the onely stay,
Lift up their wondring eyes and for him looke
In Angels Quires, not in a Heralds Booke.

Elegies.

Yet though the roote be taken hence to plant,
Where heavenly moisture it can never want;
There yet remaines a branch shall ever shaine
Engrafted in the noble Howards line.

John Beaumont.



Vpon the Death of the most hopefull the Lord ST A F F O R D.

MYst then our Loves be short still? Must we
Not so enjoy & only admire, and loose? (choose
Must Axioms hence grow sadly understood,
And we thus see, 'Tis dangerom to be good?
So Bookes begunne are broken off, and we
Receive a fragment for an History;
And, as 'twere present wealth, what was but debt,
Lose that, of which we were not Owners yet;
But as in bookes, that want the closing line,
We only can conjecture, and repine:
So must we heere too onely grieve, and guesse,
And by our fancy make, what's wanting, losse.
Thus when rich webs are left unfinish'd,
The Spider doth supply them with her ibred.
For tell me what addition can be wrought
To him, whose YOUTH was even the bound of thought;

Elegies.

whose buddings did deserve the Robe, whiles we
In smoothnesse did the deeds of wrinckles see :
When his state-nouage might have beeene thought fit,
To breake the custome, and allow'd to sit ?
His actions veil'd his age, and could not stay
For that which we call ripenesse, and just day.
Others may waite the staffe, and the gray-haire,
And call that Wisedome, which is onely Feare,
Christen a coldnesse, temperance, and then boast
Full and Ripe Vertue, when all action's lost :
This is not to be noble, but be slacke :
A Stafford ne're was good by th' Almanacke.
He, who thus stayes the season, and expects,
Doth not gaine habits, but disguise deserts.
Heere Nature oustrips Culture : He cameiry'd ;
Strait of himselfe at first, not rectifi'd :
Manners so pleasing, and so handsome cast,
That still that overcame, that was shewne last :
All mindes were captiv'd thence, as if i had beeene
The same to him, to have beeene lov'd, and seene.
Had he not bin snatch'd thus, what drive hearist now
Into his nets, would haue driven Cities too :
For these his Effaies, which beganto win, (within,
Were but bright sparkes, which shew'd the Mine
Rude dranghes unto the picture ; things we may
Stile the first beames of the encroaching day ;
Which did but onely great discoveries bring,
As outward cooleness, shewes the inward spring.
Nor were his actions, so content the sight,
Like Artists Pieces plac'd in a good light,
That they might take at distance, and obvride
Something unto the eye that might delude :

Elegies.

His deeds did all most perfect then appeare,
When you obseru'd, view'd close, and did stand neere.
For could there ought else spring from him, whose
From which he sprung, was rule, & discipline, (line
Whose Vertues were as Bookes before him set,
So that they did instruct, who did beger,
Taught thence not to be powerfull, but know,
Shewing he was their blood by living so.
For, where as some are by their bigge lippe knowne,
Others b' imprinted, burning swords were showne :
So they by great deeds are, from which bright fame,
Engraves free reputation on their name :
These are their Native markes, and it hath bin
The Staffords lot, to have their signes within.
And though this firme Hereditary good,
Might boasted be, as flowing with the blood,
Yet he ne're graspit this stay : But as those, who
Carry perfumes about them still, scarce doe
Themselues perceiue them, though anothers sense
Sucke in ih' exhaling odours : so be thence
Ne'r did perceiue he carry'd this good smell,
But madenew sillly doing himselfe well.
T' embalme him then is vaine, where spreading fame
Supplies the want of splices ; where the Name,
It selfe preserving, may for Ointments passe :
And he, sill scene, ly coffind as in glasse.
Whiles thus his bad dims full floweres, and his sole
Beginning doth reproach anothers whole,
Comming so perfect up, that there must needs
Have beeene found out new Titles for new deeds ;
Though youth, and lawes forbid, which will not let
Statues be rais'd, or him stand Fraser: yet

Elegies.

Our mindes retaine this Royalty of Kings,
Not to be bound to time, but judge of things,
And worship, as they merit : there we doe
Place him at height, and he stands golden too.
A comfort, but not equall to the croffe,
A faire remainder, but no; like the losse :
For he, that last pledge, being gone, we doe
Not onely lose the Heire, but th' honour too.
Set we up then this boast against our wrong,
He left no other signe, that he was young :
And, spight of fate, his living vertues will,
Though he be dead, keepe up the Barony still.

Will. Cartwright.

On the much lamented Death of the Lord Stafford.

TIS not i'enbalme his name or crowne his herse,
That our sad thoughts flow in our eyes & verse.
Or i' adde a lustre to his dimmed name,
Which onely now must shine in Heaven and Fame.
This were to hold a Taper out by night,
And cry, thus shone the glorious Suns faire light :
To view his rising splendor at our noone,
Were in a shadow to set out the Sun.
Nor doe we Cypresse bring in hope of Bayes
(As death makes many Poets now a dayes)
Our teares flow by instinct, and a cold frost
Seazing our Palsie-joyns told what was lost

Before,

Elegies.

Before the fatall knell, not a dirge sung,
Nere a sad peale of Elegies was rung.
No bearded wonder, or propheticke flame,
Vſher'd the ruine of his house and name :
Yet then we melued in a chilling sweat,
And every fainting brest did something threat.
Not each dayes wonder, some strange newes come
Creeping upon us, like the generall doome ;
And this was Staffords death, in his owne fall
A world of people felt their funerall,
And lost a being they nere had : for he
Writ not a man, but House, or Familie.
Thus have I seene a little silken clew
Of compleated twiſts, at the firſt view
Comprized in a palme, but ravel'd out,
And drawne to lines, the ihread will winde about
Countries or townes. Great ſhade the fate was thine,
Who by the iſſue of thy Noble line,
Might ſoone have peopled Kingdomeſ ; but thy all
Is now wound up in a ſmall urne, or ball :
And all thy vertues in ſad weedes doelye,
Onely spun out into thy memory.
Thus have we lost what goodneſſe knew to dwell
In flesh and clay, more worth then we dare tell.
As for an Epitaph upon his ſtone,
Write this -- Here lie a thouſand Lords in one.

Geo. Zouch. A.M.N.C.Ox.

On

Elegies:

On the Death of the Noble Lord S T A F F O R D.

O Thers to Staffords Herse Encomiums give,
Not that his worh, but that their wit may live
My Muse hath no such aime ; it is lesse praise
To beare Apollo's, then his fun'rall Bayes.
Nor is't the Lord I mourne ; what is't to me
Who am no Herald, if a Baron die ?
I doe not hope for fees ; I me none of those
That pay downe teares for legacies or clothes.
My solemne griefe flowes in a Nobler tide ;
Soone as I heard one so well qualifi'd,
Had put off clay, she fright (not newes) strucke deepe,
And made my eye of Understanding weepe.
He was no Pagiant Courtier, such as can
Onely make legs like a fine Gentleman.
Though's outside shew'd all that the nicer eye
Of critique Madams could desire to see :
Yet w. is his soule more gay, his ample brest
Was in a silken disposition drest.
And with Heroicke habits richly lin'd ;
The Vertues had no Wardrob, but his mind.
As i'w' Honours, and the Lands, so he alone
The worth of all his Ancestours did owne.
And yet that He is dead ; so dead, that here
Is nought preserves his name, but's tombe, & sheire.
That

Elegies.

That Noble Stocke is spent ! injurious Fate ;
To make a House so ancient desolate !

Felton kill'd Englands George, and with his
Onely not cut the thred of others life. (knife)
We had some comfort left in that his blood
Was not quite spilt ; after his fall he stood
Transcrib'd in preety Emblems, which we all
Read as true Copies of th' Originall.

But none survives this Phenix : 'tis our moe
To have this Sunne not set but put out too.
The Gard'ner weepes not when his Lillies die,
If they their seed leave as a Legacie.
But should an onely Flower, the Gardens gem,
Wither in her full pride, and of her stem
Bequeath no slip, the poore mans eyes each plot
Of ground would wet, without his water-pot.
No wonder 'tis that reverend Arundell,
And other Lords doe grone o'er Staffords knell :
Since, at his fall, a Race of Heroes dyed,
Which can't but by Creation be supply'd.

Ri. West.

Q

On

Elegies.

On the Death of the Lord STAFFORD.

Vhat trust to titles? shame i' our hopes ther's
(gone,
One who was, none can say how many a one.
Muses, you are too few, so waite on's Ghost,
Wandring in sorry sheetes to tell what's lost.
His Peerelesse Body earlh'd, some eyes may weepe,
As if they had never seene him but asleepe.
But those who view'd, with somewhat more then eye,
The finer beauties of thy mind, put by
The griefe of teares, and call their Confissory
Of inward Powers to lament thy story.
Perfection, which might tempt the Scribes of Fate
To voluntary pennance; force their hate
Recoyle upon themselves; to Nature fireare
Rebatement of such rigour: Was't not severe
To cast the blackenesse of dead night so soone
On Noble lustre enirg, into noone?
How is deluding Heav'n thus pleas'd to whet
Our hopes for Harvest, and then blight the wheate?
This was not all, great Ghost we connot free
Thee from contempt of sad Mortalitie.
Thou thought'st enough, thy star should guide the wise
To honour, which thy selfe meant to despise.
Thy high-borne Spirit ripening into Man,
Deem'd that so scant a measure must needs span
Short

Elegies.

Short of thy merit : so sliding ont o'ib' route
Of earthly Titles, shou wouldest shifi thy soule.
But yet me thinkes, though Heav'n enzy our soyle
Such vertuous Simples ; Mercy shoud not spoile
A Garden, of it's onely verdant pride,
Vmill some hopefull plants were set beside.
The pluckt-up Olive ; that the same sweete veine
Might spring and flourish in high bloud againe.
Our stocke of Honour's is rooted up yet greene,
whose draugh'ts uncoppyed must no more be seene :
An ancient house in this new rubbish lyes,
Here urn'd the ashes of whole Families.
As if the Church in need of Ornamentes,
Should hence her number have of monuments.
Proud exercise of Sextons, who dare live
By fatall dust, and looke that piety give
To see this Shrine, and know that in this One,
There liv'd and dy'd a Generation.
No member of a Tribe, who fils this Tombe,
He's Sepulchre of Staffords name, in whom
A Race and Field is lost, a Pedegree
And Catalogue of Heroes —
Could not presaging feares (which oft divine
Iib' fall of one, she sinking of a Line)
Move one yeares haste, to sowe in Hymen's bed
Some seed, which when thou ere wer't gathered,
In living buds might fresh and growing save
The Grand-fire trunke from rotting in a grave ?
But since the closing of thine eyes alone,
Wink's many glorious Tapers into none ;
We maile thy death, more thy Virginety,
we lose in that, in his posterity.

Elegies.

*Thy soule might still have liv'd, in others breath,
whose single life, is now a numerous death.*

Io. Castillion.

On the most immature Death of the late young Lord Stafford, the last Baron of that Family.

WHAT Nemesis? what envious fate
Still naites on those who are estate
Their yeares by vertue, and behind
Cast slow pac'age with swiftest mind?
So'tis, wise nature shortest day
Allowes to things which post away.
The long Lvd Olive tree of peace,
And Lawrell slowly doe increase,
But the early pledge of Spring
The Primrose soone is withering.
So Ceres oft with too much baste,
Her yellow dangling lockes doth waste,
And having rose too soone from bed
Before night hangs her drowsie head.
O see what hopes (which rais'd were high
To aggravate our misery)
Now blasted, as a starre which shone
New shot from Heaven, are fit and gone.
Have you seenne a Pine tree proud,
Her head invested in a cloud,

which

Elegies.

which he fatall axe hath throwne,
Or the giddy whirlewind blowne.
whilst ih Hamadryades with floods,
Of teares doe drowne their mournfull woods ;
And Sylvan his espoused Queen
Lamenting faire,hopefull,fresh, and greene.

Have you seene a vesseil trim
Upon the smiling Sea to swim,
Whose sayles doe gently swell with aire
Of many a Merchants zealous prayer,
O never ship with greater pride
Did on a wairy mountaine ride,
But strain a blistring storme doth rise
And dasheth her against the skies,
Then on a rocke her glory teares
No shrikes nor cryes nor clamours heares.

Or have you seene but newly borne,
The rosy-finger'd fairest morne
whilest the sprighfull Satyres play,
And leape to see the golden ray,
But then a fallen cloud ihis light
Turn's to a darke and dismal night,
These were Emblems of thy fall,
Nobleſt Stafford, so I de call
Virtue by this name ſhe's knowne,
And is more proper then her owne.

But which deeper wounds,with thee
Dy'd thy ſtem and Baroneie,
As that Nymph which by the Pine
Liv'd, and with the ſame doth life resigne.

when the Deluge did deface
The booke of nature, humane race

Elegies.

Reprinted was, and found supply
From the floating Library.

But of Stafford w'have lost all
Both transcript, and originall,
Onely some margent notes are left
To tell's of what we are bereft.
Here multa desunt, which to fill
Passeith the learned Criticks skill.
But as in ruin'd abbyes we
Admire their faire deformity:
And doe build up thoughts from thence,
To reach the first magnificence,
So yet of Staffords house doe stand
Some sacred reliques, which command
Our rev'rence, and by these we see
What was his noble Pedigree,
Whose earthly armes inter'd doe ly,
But soule plac't in ih' aetheriall skie,
Shines with star-blaz'd nobility.

Charles Mason,

On

Elegies.



On the Death of the Right Honorable Lord, the Lord STAFFORD, being the last of that Noble Family.

VNseasonable Fate, vexe not our fense
With Balefull sorrowes, due forty yeares hence;
Must Stafford needs expire at twenty four,
Because in goodnesse onely he's three score ?
So have we seene the morning Sun, to lay
His glory downe, and make a rainie day.
Trust me, ye Destinies it was unjust
So soone to lay his honour in the dust.

But we doe fixe our sorrowes as upon
A private fate, when't is a publicke one ;
And weepe (alas) as yet, but with one eye,
If but for one we weepe ; why here doth lie,
Not my Lord onely, but a Family.
No, no ! he's but the Center-point, from whence
Our grones, and sighes fetch their Circumference ;
Here we must teach our eye to drop a teare,
Even for the losse of those who never were :
Griefes mysterie ! we must for those be sad
Who lose a being which they never had.

Must ye, your selve, O Parce, women prove
In that, the greenest of our fruities, ye lone ?
Fruites ! which not cropt, had thriv'd into a Tree
Of a large branching Geneologie !

Elegies.

Ye might have seaz'd some puling witlesse Heire
And made a younger Brother ; 't had beene faire,
And we had Praise, and kist those bloody palmes,
which in the killing this, gave to'ther Almes.
But you will no such spoilt sacrifice,
Such please not y'r, for such are in your eyes
Are neither good for earth, nor yet for Heaven:
Stafford must onely make your weeke-Bill even ;
He's good, and therefore ripe : thus still we finde
That good wares first goe off, had stay behinde.

Will. Wallen. Coll. Joan. Soc.

Vpon the Death of the young Lord STAFFORD.

VENIALL nature that dost load, not paire
Bodies with soules, too great for them to beare!
As some puu extracts, (that for soules may passe,
Still quickning where they are) in frailer glisse ;
Whose active gen'rous spiriit's scorne to live
By such weake meanes, and slight preservative ;
So high-borne mindes ; whose dawning's like the day
In torrid climes, cast forth a full noone-ray,
Whose vigorous brests inherit, itring'd in one
A race of soules, by long succession ;
And rise in their descents ; in whom we see
Entirely summ'd a new borne Ancestry :
These soules of fire, whose eager thoughts alone
Create a feaver, or consumpcion,

Ore-

Elegies.

Orecharge their bodyes : lab' ring in the strife
To serve so quicke and more then mortall life :
Where every contemplation doth oppresse
Like fits o'th Calenture, and kils no lesse :
Goodnesse hath its extremes, as well as sin,
And brings, as vice, death, and diseases in ;
This was thy fate, great Staffords ; thy feirce speed
To oulive thy yeares : so throng in every deed
A masse of vertues ; hence thy minutes swell
Not to a long life, but long Chronicle :
Great name (for that alone is left to be
Call'd great ; and't is no small Nobilitie
To leave a name) when we deplore the fall
Of thy brave stem, and in ihee of them all ;
Who doft this glory to thy race dispence,
(Now knowne to Honour) t'end with Innocence.
Me thinkes I see a sparke from thy dead eye
Cast beames on thy deceast Nobility :
Witness those marble heads, whom Westminster
Adores ; (perhaps without a nose or eare)
Arenow twice raised from the dust and seeme
New sculp't againe, when thou art plac't by them ;
When thou, the last of that brave house deceast,
Hadst none to cry (our Brother) but the Priest :
And this true riddle, is to ages sent
Stafford is his Fore-father's Monument.

Richard Godfrey.

R

On

Elegies.

On the untimely Death of the Lord S T A F F O R D.

NOt to adorne his herse, or give
Him another age to live,
Need we to pretend at wit,
His worth hath intercepied it :
Whose every vertue doth require
A Muse that onely can admire.
Dearb, though he strove, his utmost fear'd,
He could not take him unprepar'd.
H' had riperesse in his Infancy,
And liv'd well in Epitomie.
Of what we hop'd in others, he
At th' same age had maturity.
But he is dead : we may outdare
Death now, as having nought to feare ;
The world hath lost her chiefeſt bliſſe,
Heaven the onely gainer is.
One blow hath kil'd more then the plague, and we
In loſing one, have lost pluriālity.
A ſenſe might haue beeene better ſpar'd, your price
We would haue thought; too but a ſacrifice,
Such as w. is Isaacks Ram, that ſav'd in one
Iust Patriarch, a generation.
One ſtar we may ſee ſhoot, without a grone,
But ſhould we loſe a conſtellation,

'T'would

Elegies.

'Twould puzzle Astrologie, nay almost
By losing one, your science would be lost.
Fate's wisdome see, that he might leave our taſt
In rellish, he cut off your choyceſt laſt.

H. B.

Vpon the Death of my Lord

STAFFORD, the last Baron
of that Ancient Stocke.

Grieve not ye Sacred Anceſtors of Fame,
As if this were the caraffe of your Name:
The Barkē now flouriſhes: we may presume
He's ſpliſhed, and not buryed in the Tombe:
Your famous branches by his fall are blowne:
His fate becomes your Rufeſtrection.
Good deeds were all his Progeny; whiſt he
Leaves them no other ſtate, but memory:
The Titles, and Revenues let them hoord
That doe delight to heare theſe words, My Lord.
In Stafford I confeſſe they bore ſome weight,
Cause they ſpoke him, as well as ihiſ estate:
It was hiſ Name, not Title: and that none
Made him not famous, onely better knownne.
Deserts well plac'd ſhine more: It is a tie,
And reverence to Virtue to be high:
Should the Sunne falling to the earth fixe here,
Hee'd ſuffer an eclipſe from hiſ owne ſphere.

Elegies.

Sure to prevent that old and glorious itch,
He dy'd before the age of being Rich :
No Lands was ever he possess'd of, save
That small unhappy portion of a grave.
Death did deliver him, we may be bold
To stile it his redemption from Gold :
Wealh is a sinne, though us'd, and to be free,
Rei never want, is but kind usury.
He was so witty, yet sincere, that we
Dare say he meant ev'n an Hyperbole :
He could not flatter : what he spake was knowne
No complement, but an expression.
Postures in him were Vertues, for when he
Did bend, it was not pride but charitie :
His hat went off so honestly, we may
Affirme he onely did himselfe betray :
Not like to those that study the Cours stride,
And learne the decent stitch on the left side :
He nothing to the stremme o'th' Time did owe,
The Staffords manners from themselves still flow.
We must despaire thy equall, unlesse he
Could with thy Titles too inherit thee.

H. R.

On

Elegies.

On the Death of the Right Honorable Edward Lord Stafford.

VVhen brave Heroick spirits flie from hence,
That govern'd others by their influence,
Each Muse with Cypress crown'd instead of Bayes,
Makes them the subject of their teares, and prayes,
Who were examples living; being dead
With living Monuments are honoured:
When other's course earth doth neglected bye
That liv'd, as if they onely liv'd to die.
But with what Marble, or what Brasse shall we
Honour the Noble Staffords memory;
Whose very Name inscrib'd would lustre give
Enough to make those dead materials live?
The glorious minde dwelt in his Noble brest
Did entertaine each Vertue for its guest,
And what so'e're was opposite and foule,
For ever banisht from his Christall soule.
He was as good, as great; and taught the Time
By what safe steps men might to Honour climbe.
Yet venturous death with his impartiall Dartes
Hath disunited those his different parts.
Whil'st th' earth doth his more richer earth containe,
What came from Heaven is shiber flowne againe.

E. B. Medii Templi.

Elegies.



On the deplored Death of Edward Lord Stafford, the last Baron of his Name.

Stay Death, and keare a short pleas; we would
Only the mercy of a single grave; (crave
And that at one stroke, thou wouldest kill but one,
In him thou slayst a generation:
Then ere thou strikst, Death, know thy sin; for this
Not a plaine Murder, but Massacre is:

Compendious slaughter of a Family,
what yet unknowne Plague shall we title thee?
what Power art thou, what strange Influence,
That thus usurpst the spleene of Pestilence?
Can the Grave propagate, that there should be
As yet a new kinde of mortality?
Sure I mistake our misery; this was not
That which we call disease, but a Chaine-shot;
Death hath foregone his Archery, and Dart
And practises the Canon; that dire Art
Of murdering by the hundreds: Thus alone
we lose not Stafford, but a Legion:

Take a friends counsell yet, grim fate; and slay,
Doe not bereave thy selfe of future prey;
Let him survive to a large Progenie,
which will be but a number, that must dye.

Elegies.

Visit some Friery, where thy wrath expresse;
There, where Religion is barrenesse;
That were a thrifty cruelty, and to save
This Youth were mercy, would enrich thy grave.

Cheate not our hopes thus, riddling Destiny,
When we did pray, Stafford might multiply
As numberlesse as are the sands, there's none
Meant such a fatal propagation,
His owne dust for an Offspring, our best prayers
Forbid such sad increase, Atomes for Heires!

Howere be not so speedy, gods, but give
Him breath, till he has taught us how to live:
Must we thus wholly lose him, and such worth,
Ere in Example he can bring it forth?
And must it be his period? cannot we
Expresse a man beyond his Elegie,
And Epitaph? can we pen History?
What if long-liv'd, this little one would be:
Where is your Art Genethliakes? who dare
From the Brachygraphy of some Prophet starre,
Transcribe the life of every birth, if Fate
And your great skill be such, Death comes too late
To prejudice your knowledge, and you can,
When he has seiz'd the Corps, reprieve the Man,
And pen him a long-liv'd Example, though
He had beene borne a livelesse Embryo:
I pray, goe calculate, and tell us then
What Stafford in his ripe yeares would have been;
Describe him at some Canon-guarded Hill
Leading his daunted Generall, and we will
Lessen our present despaire into feare
And tremble, lest our Stafford should fall there:

Then

Elegies.

Then prosecute your story, till his yeares
Lift him among the graver headed Peeres ;
And in the bustle of some card-state-rent,
Let's heare him tutoring a Parliament :

Alas ! such thoughts but aggravate our crosse,
Instead of comfort, summing up our losse :
Cease then all prattle ; with the Grave and Herse
Silence suites better, then the saddest Verse.

Ri. Paynter, Ioan. Ox.

To the Memory of the Right Hono- rable the Lord STAFFORD, the last Baron of his Family.

Great soule of Stafford,

Twas not for want of Merit, that thy Herse
So long hath lack'd it's tributary Verse.
Things, whose fraile mem'ry scarce oulives the time
Their Elegies a reading, may have a Rime
In halfe an houre flung on them. Earthen plate
'S fram'd at a turne, when the rich Porcelane's
Is a full Age. Raptures that doe besit (date
Objects of wonder, are the fruises of Wit
And choice, not Fury. This kept Phæbus Quire
Silent so long, that nought but hallow'd fire,
And purest gums might crowne thine Vrne: yet still
They find thy Worth beyond their power and skill.
For who in meanest lines thy life should write,
Would by Posterity be guess'd to endite.

Some

Elegies.

Some Romance or vaine legend. To th' dim sight |
The weakest Tapers yeeld the welcom' st light.

He was (vaine voyce!) the noble Staffords heire
His Mothers comely graces hung on's faire,
Yet manly cheeke; the Younger-brothers heart
And wit to boote, nay each Heroicke part
of Buckingham dwelt in him: so that he
Alone might justly be a Familie.
So have I seene grow upon one small Tree
More various fruits, than in some Orchards be.

No dying Hermit meeker, though a Lord,
And under age too: Vertuous though a Ward.
No Dyall plac'd ith' crosse Meridian,
Whose shade runnes still irregular toth' Sunne
That shoulde it guide: He Nobly bore that state
of Ward, as if Nature had gav't, not Fate.
Like to our forraigne Tulips, which each yeare,
As more mature in growth, new liveries weare,
Yet are th' same flower: so as he elder grew,
Stafford was still unchang'd, though's carriage
The fashion he scarce follow'd nere outrun, (new
Striving to lose himselfe, and Nation.
If he toth' Friers came, his judgement swift
As Lightning, could each line, each Humour sift;
And his discerning Palate straight could tast
Beaumont, and Johnsons wheate, from scraps &c
But this was Play. The royll Academe (māst.
His best heures challeng'd, where his noble theme
Was his great Fathers Valour, though his Face
Had not yet lost his Mothers beauteous grace.
So that from him being armd, the limmer might
Exactly draw Venus, as she is bright

Elegies.

Steele came to Lacedemon; or th' brave Maide
Ioves daughter, as she came t' her Fathers ayd.
Death will he prond of's dart, when he shall finde
'T hath slaine two Families, in Blood, & Mind,
Nay wil more triumph that h' hath slaine but one
Than if by th' Plague or Sword a Million;
Those could but last an Age; in Stafford he
Hath kild Successive Immortalitie.

Now for his Epitaph, let onely be
Fix'd on his Tombe his Royall Pedigree. (Page

This, like some well writ Booke, whose every
Containes rich wit, and matter for an age,
Whenth' reader with thi treasury growes brisk
For Finis, meetes with assad Asteriske:
Or like some stately Pallace, which halfe lyes
Vnfinish'd, whose prond top should scale the skies,
Will more with pity the beholder move,
Then, if compleat, with wonder, or with love.

Perhaps some gentler Lady, reading this
Three ages hence, may mourne Her losse of blisse,
In Staffords suddaine fall: Had not his life
Bin short, she might have bin a Staffords Wife.

Will. Creede, of S.
Iohns. Oxf.

Elegies.

Memoriae Sacrum

Nobilissimi Dom. Domini Edwardi Stafford.

EDWARDVS
NOBILISSIMUS STAFFORDIAE
DOMINUS.

Denatus nunquam satis plorabitur,
Qui nunquam satis hilariter excipi poterat natus.
In Quo magna Staffordia gens stetit, cecidit;
Columna sue Dominus, simul erat & terminus.
Solus; & numerosa Prosapia!
Unicus; & magna Familia!
Exadissima Herois Buckinghamii Epitome:
Gemmula mole per exigua, infiniti penè valoris;
Mundus & Major in Spighamam contractus,
Migeskotu & Magnus.
Quem dilexerunt omnes, qui norunt,
Plorârunt omnes, etiam qui non norunt.
Comitatis anima;
Nobilitatis fdea;
Virtutis universa Virtus ipsa.
Estate qui vix Alcanius, prudentia plusquam Aeneas:
Apollo intonsus, & Musarum Deus.
Cui corpori elegantius, quam Fæmarum,
Incoluit animus major, quam virorum,
Quem in armis dices absq; lanugine Gradivum,
Nec adhuc in Numen adulsum:
Hanc, galea deposita, Adonidem Diones osculis rubentem
Cen verius Cupidinem ex ephesis clapsum.

Elegies.

Quē equitanī, Alexandrū Bucephalo infidei c̄ crederes
Aut Centaurum in Lapitharum pralia ruentem,
Sonipes ipse tam grato pondere superbiebat,
Gestiens a tanto dirigī.
Exteras hausit linguas, non quāsi nostra sordeceret
Sed ne ulū exactissimo Curgiali decessit complemēt.
Latinam pāne habuit vernaculam : (rum.
Heroicam Graci Sermonis majestatem,
Non ex ignorantia sed acumine judicij admirabatur,
Musicam didicit, ne tempus, cum ludo vacaret, perde-
Qui tamen ex Oppiduli ruinis (ret
Altam posset Urbem extrahere.
Ubi in numerum gressus efformabat,
Et Perseum talaria commodaſſe crederes;
In choro volanti semper similior, quam pulſanti terram
Vestalibus iſſis castior; at hoc ex virtute natum,
Non corporris intemperie.
Quem tamen adeo castum vixisse lugemus,
Nec Patrē faiſſe (quod in aliis detestamus) quindecem
(jam annos natum;
Tunc alii Staffordiæ gentis heredes superflūſſent,
Quam Vesteſ pullate, & luſtuſum funus.
At o prepoſter a rerum humanaſum vices!
Qui in perpetuū vivere meruit, immaturus occubuit,
Maternæ prius heres Telluris, quam Paternæ.
Disce lector.
Familie & tituli, aqne ac homines, ſuos habent occasus.

Guil. Creede, Joan.

On

Elegies.



On the Lord STAFFORD, the
last Baron of his Race, who dyed in
his None-age.

YOur Country Hindes if you have seene
When they have a Lopping beene,
They take not here a Branch or there,
But leave the naked Backe so bare,
It cannot be term'd Plant, but we
Must call't the Carcasse of a Tree :
Which they (beleeving nought their owne,
But what withintheir Pale is throwne)
Have so dismembred, for no good
But to encrease their Stack of Wood.
Yet even these leave one sprout there
Expecting Company next Yeare,
Where if so chance it be not found
They lose their right to the whole ground.
What hast thou forfeited, Death, now
That hast not left a Topping Bough
On such a glorious stocke ? not spar'd
The tender sprigge, but further dar'd
Going beyond dire Sicknesse spight.
Not for to bend, but breake it quite :
What Plot is now in hand ? Do's Fate
Meane to bring in Confusion streight ?
How shall a Stately shady Tree,
From Trunk or Mast distingnished bee,

Elegies.

If this be suffer'd : shall the source
of Noble blood be stopt its course
Or chill'd ? and shall the Pedant Veine
Through all the Body flush amaine ?
Therefore Death (since you cannot be
Exempted from all Penalty,
When thou shalt dare Trespaſſe ſo high
Not in miſtake , but cruelty)
Your Dart is forfeite, and muſt ceaſe,
The Darter being bound to th' Peace,
And ſo diſarm'd by Natures Will,
If you muſt needs get Wound or Kill,
You muſt your preſence uſe, or fight ;
All weapons are debarr'd you quite ;
For let Time accuſed be
If he ſhall lend his Sithe to Thee.
And all this Nature does enaſt,
Not for one petty Crime, or fact.
Her Law does not thee guilty call
Of treason, murder, but of All.
That which laſt yeare you diſcommiſt,
And we not know to name it yet ;
Prometheus once preſumed ſo
To ſteale from Heav'n a flame or two ;
Where now he feeles loves angers edge
In Hell, and rues his Sacriledge :
How many Vultures had love ſent,
If he had ſtolne the Element ?
Put out a Starre or Two, or more
And make them give their winking o're,
You doe no hurt, there's more to ſhine :
Which elſe perhaps had not beeene ſeen :

or

Elegies.

Or if we take them All away,
We shall be blam'd no more than day.
But if we put out the Sunnes light,
We may bid the whole World Good-Night:
Not merely 'cause it is the Sunne,
But chiefly 'cause it was but One :
For had we Two, who could repine
Thengh One did Set, so One did shine ?
Thus stands it with thee death, and us
That hast affronted the state thus :
Could not one House suffice, nay Towne
But must you pull our None-such downe ?
Could your transcendent Envie ayme
Not at the Person, but the Name ?
Must Stafford dye? True ! States-men say
That even Kingdomes have their day
Nor dare I avouch they erre,
A Kingdome's a Particular :
A Name's Eternall, and a Race
Is bound to neither Time nor Place.
Now therefore thinke what thou hast done
And burst thou foolish Sceleton :
Sithence we shall beleeve your spite,
Not your Power, infinite :
For though here lyes the Corps of Stafford dead
His Name and Epitaph can't be Buried.

Io. Goad. 10AN. OX.

Elegies.



On the much lamented death of the Lord STAFFORD.

A Name too great for numbers, fit for those
Let loose their eyes, and weepe as twere in
And yet a theame too vast for eyes & here (prose
The greatest thing lamented is the Teare.
And when we have fete up to hang the Herte,
We can't bethought to weep our Lord but verſe,
So great that we but tolde his flame, and chime
His gloryes growing, Sextons but in Ryme,
Who when he is deliver'd best will beare
A fame like moderne faces blotted faire,
Whom we conceale in phraſe, so vast a Taske
We write him to a beauty in a maske.
Though he might blow a quill to verſe, whilſt men
Envie to ſee the Poet in the Pen :
For who can thinke in proſe a man ſo cleere
His thoughts did ſuffer ſight, and ſoule appeare?
That he that ſearched his hearty words might find
That breath was th' exhalation of his mind,
Such faith his tonge did weare, you might have
He ſpoke his breſt, & only thought alowd, (rowd
You might his meaning through his blood have
Too pure deform'd diſembling to hide, (ſpyd,
As to his Virgin ſoule, Nature had drawne
In ſo refined flesh a Vayle of Lawne.

Elegies.

So was he borne, cut up, that now we cou'd
Learne vertues from the Doctrine of his bloud,
which we might see preach Valour, and espye
His veine, to make an Auditor of the Eye,
And runne conclusions, for from hence we cry'd
which was a flood of valour, which just Tyde,
Learning from his wise beat, that in an ill
A spirit might couragiously sit still
That one might dare be quiet, and afford
To thinke all mettall lyes not in the sword,
And Cutlers make no mindes, Armour no doubt
Does well, but none can be inspir'd without,
So did her chide the Flame o'th' wilder youth
That fights for Ladys bayre or lesse, their trath;
His blood discreetly boyld did make it cleere
It is the minde makes old, and not the yeere:
That we may prompt his stome to say---lyes here
Stafford the Aged at his foure-teenth yeere?

To. Howe.

Sacred to the Memory of the Right
Honourable, the Lord *S T A F F O R D*
being the last Baron of his Name.

T'Is high Presumption in us, that are
The feete, so almost excrement, to dare
Turne eyes and weepe a puddle rivulet
Over thy herse, which Nobles have beset

T

with

Elegies.

With pearly drops, that all may cleerely see,
Thou wast the jewell of Nobility:
We cannot hope that our distracted cryes (nies
Will please, amongst their well-tun'd harmo-
Our Elegies not weepe, but are to be
Wept at, and want themselves an Elegie.
Yet frowne not on our verse, and teares of jet:
(Ah never any sorrow truer let)
Who can but stace his heart throughtout his eyces,
When Youth, Nobility, Hope, Stafford dyest?
I summe not up thy beauty, comelinesse,
Nor thousand graces, which thy soule did blesse,
For, like to gamesters whom their lucks have
We feare to know the utmost we have lost. (croft
Thou didst not by Example, States false glasse
Dresse thy behaviour, and thy life's face:
Nor wast sufficient ground, that thou shouldest do
This vice, because Lord such a one did so:
Thy eyes, when once had but a point let in
Of lust, the other spying the little sinne,
Would send a vise ray, as messenger,
To tell, that if it would not drop a teare, (dwelt;
And quench that sparke, he would not his mate
Then wept the sinfull eye, and all was well.
Thus each part, just as in Philosophie,
Would Rule, and Maxime to the other be.
O what disease, then shall we wish may meete
With that disease, which took away this sweete?
That envious disease, and which out-vies
Even the Pestilence in cruelties: (thril'd
For that, monst hundreds, true, its poysone
But they were troope, and so ill humour spil'd.
We

Elegies.

We teem'd too fast, and too much issue bad
That let us blood, as rules of Physick bad:
But this gnawes our land's heart, Nobilitie,
And is more cruell in Epitomie.
By making us in this one Staffords fall,
To celebrate the exequies of all.

Why wouldst thou yeeld so soone to death? alas!
Thou hast too speedily finisht thy race: (head,
Thou ought' st not, pretty flowre, have hung thy
Till thou wast ripe, ana blown, hadst scattered
Some seedes about thy bed: where in a shade
Thou mightst have slept by thy sonne-flowers
When with strong bulwork of posterity (made:
T'hadst fortify'd, thy decay'd Ancestry,
Built up thy rein'd house, allay'd our feares,
And wert fourre-score as wel in sons, as yeares,
O then, and not til then, thou shouldest have tri'd
Whether our tender love wold letthee ave di'd.

Tho. Snelling. of
S. Johns Oxf.

On the memory of the late Lord STAFFORD.

(dry

Hadst thou stood firme, our eyes had yet bin
Not in their Vrnes, but in thy brest did lyce
All thy stockes honour. Memphis never knew
Amongst her wonders Pyramid like you,
Stately how ere great families they shroud
And scepter'd lines, yet farre beneath a cloud.

Elegies.

I thou in few yeares couldst such a height attaine
Orelook'd the hills, and peer'd above the raine:
Our teares are too too low, and watry eyes
Doe leese themselves in search of such arise.
The losse was ours, thy Pyramid did grow
Still broad nigh heaven, decreas'd to us below.
The Vertues built thee, and the graces came,
And with all sweetnesse polished thy frame,
Honour, thy Mistresse, there with gloriouſ hand
Full often made her ſplendid imprefte ſtand,
For ſhe low'd Stafford, each adoring eye
In thee inſculpt read all nobility.
So wert thou to the world by heaven lent,
The life of new; old vertues monument.
Thy ſoule was large and able to containe,
More than the worthes of many ages gaine,
The Vertues of thy Anceſtors all knit
Could not it fill, were proud to enter it.
And thou encreas'd ſt that happy stock ſo well
As who will reckon, all the ſtarres may tell
Of heaven, which hath it, and us rob'd in ſpite,
Or feare that they ſhould be leſſe infinite:
And man no more looke up, ſince ſtarres ſhine dim,
To vertues light, and heaven was nigh in him,
Thy vertues growth hath our endeavours chid,
Weele raife no Pile to thee, great Pyramid.

B. Olivier.

On

On the death of the Lord
STAFFORD.

If from thy sacred Ashes did arise
Another Phœnix, breathing spicaries,
Such as thy blossomes did (since funerall fire
Refined in full age thine Honour'd Sire)
In whom you both might seeme againe t'returne,
Our grieves had all beene buried in thy Vrue.
Nor vexe the quiet Muses for a Verse
To be thy Off-spring, or adorne thy Herte;
Who leav' st Succession unto none of thine,
And but in such, liv' st in no other Line.
But now her selfe Nature begins to feare,
And startles to behold now here, now there
A family extinct, which though she strive
With all her Art and strength to keepe alive
It vanisheth (Great Stafford, thou shalt be
To Nature a sad instance and to me)
Lest by Inductions (be her selfe might be
Concluded in short time Vacuitie.
When the whole Fabricks into nothing hurld,
And the great fadeth as the lesser world.
Pillars of flesh, not stones and Imagrie
Preserue the dead in Living Memory.
The blossom cropt, before'ts growne to a Peare,
Is no more worth, than if't had ne're beene there
Which grown might from its kernels have began
In other grounds a new Plantation.

Elegies.

The poore mans Only lamb, should have bin spar'd
It was his Onely One; 's there no regard
Of One, and Onely Once? This One may grow
In time into a number, Whence may flow
Succeeding Millions; This One being lost
The hopes of all futurity are crost.

Happy who first by his Victorious hand
Won honour to his house: whose Name did stand
In the first front, and after liv'd to see
His sonnes continue his Nobilitie,
But he who ends his Honour and his Name,
In his sweete youth and early hopes (when fame
Is scarce upon the wing to tell the Earth
His Ancestors, his Honours, and his birth)
Dies, leaving teares his onely Legacie,
Which must be wept and payd from every eye:
This gives our teares new birth, nor doth con-
Our sad Laments onely into one Act (tract
Such as was thy appearance; form'd of clay
Array'd with, and bereft of Honour in a day.
But will when ere we turne the booke of Fame
Create new grieve, when we shal read thy Name
With this unhappy mention, He dy'd Young
And without issue, Here doth end the Line
Of th' Ancient Staffords Family. Thus Time
Becomes their Period also, and the End (lend
Which should each action crowne, to thee doth
A double losse, in whose one death doe dye
More than thy selfe, Thy Auncient Family.
Tell me old Time, Chiche Register of Things,
Who writ st the fates of Commons, and of Kings
Was not a Tribe once precious in the Eye

Elegies.

Of the Almighty, though once doom'd to dye
And perish all ? yet some were left to be
Preserv'd, and raise up a new Progenie.
So lest no branch of David should be left
To bud till Shiloh came, Joash by theft
Escapes the bloody stroke, onely this One
Continues Kingdome and succession.
For one out of a numerous race to die
We know is common, when the race doth lie
In One, and that One leaves no one behind
Besides a fruitlesse name, Nature'sunkind.
" My owne Creation's but a blisse begin,
" Which is made perfect in succession.

E. Marow.



On the Death of the most Noble Lord STAFFORD.

I Mpartiall Nature, sham'st thou not that we
Should ever brand thee thus with cruelty ?
Must all feele the like death ? Must vertuous men
Be subject to corruption, like bad men ?
Thus thou wouldest have it be, but he whose breath
Thou enviously hast stopt, shall not know death.
He who by Children thou denis'dst should give
A life to's Name, makes it himselfe to live.
He was borne Noble, and his life did so
Answer his birth, that it w.us hard to know
which may he was most Noble, which most good
By his owne vertues, or his Parents blood.

In |

Elegies.

In him lvd all his Ancestors, his fall
Proves not his onely, but their funerall.
He was not his Stocks bare Epitomy,
Nor was he like but one o'lb' Family,
He did resemble All. What dyed in him
Was seene againe revir'd and live in him.
Life to the dead he gave. And though a Son,
His Fathers Fathers Father was become.
And now he that was like his friends in all things,
To be more like 'hem, and as they d,d,dyed. (tryed
With him fals i'h'ouse of th' Staffords, and tis well
It might have longer stood, not better fell.

R. Pul.

Sacred to the Memory of the most
Vertuous Edward Lord Stafford, the last
Baron of his Illustrious Family.

SO is the ancient Rocke that still sent forth
Jewels of clearer light, and constant worth,
By ruder hands still pillag'd of ii's store,
Safe onely when they thought 'twould yeild no more;
The Sun discov'ring a fresh drop of light
That might contest with him, and prove as bright
Doth bid his beames that exudation steale,
Before the moisture into stone congeale :

So in the aged Rose tree, whose buds were
Such that we might affirme ih' were stars grew there,
After it long had yeilded growing Fires,
Still snatch'd to seede the ravishers desires.

The

Elegies.

The cold doth kill that bud that last shoots forth,
And robs us of all hopes of afterworb.

Thus here the heat, and there the frost doth more
Spoile, when the Robbers Fingers did before.

But we can pardon fate, when that the crosse
Extends it selfe unto no greater losse
Then of a Gem, or Floure : But when that hand
Shall snach such living Jewels, let me stand
Senselesse, and stupid as that Rocke, and be
Wretched, and fruitlesse as that wither'd tree.

Fancy a morne that promis'd all delight
Day ere afforded, yet unto the sight
Clouded by suddaine darkenesse, whiles the houres
Were busie yet to dresse it with fresh floures ;
And you have fanci'd expectation Crost,
But not like that of him we now have lost.

Fancy a sparke i bat Time would soone have blorne
Into a throng of flames, that would have growne
Unto the pitch of lustre, as it bore
The Pyramid higher, and fill'd more, and more,
Dash't by a suddaine, violent shoure, and then
Know you are short of this as sparkes of men.

Wainesce thou Deity of my pensive Muse,
His Sacred soules, that I no Art doe use
To raise a noted griefe from fancy'd losse,
Making the seares when I have made the crosse !
Alas ! the causes are too just. For where
Hath Knowledge any glories, that his cleare
Mind did not reach at ? Where hath Action ought
Of Fame, and worth that he wold not have sought ?
No Floure in all that Garden, or in this
That woldnot have been proud to be stild his ?

Elegies.

Bays most retir'd from Light, and Sun had bee
By his search found, and by his shewing seen.

For whereas others shinke high birth, and blood
Vertues entailed, and all that's well borne good,
Though he might boast in this an ample share
(As the world knowes, Verue and this Lord were
As undivided still as Light and Heate,
That the Inherent Dowry, he the seate)
Yet he nere would his Birth to Vertue swell,
But thought it onely might set Vertue well;
Made it the Ouch, not Jewell, and from thence
Did raise new Titles of preheminence.
Thus each day added to him, and we may
Say, if we view his mind, he did die gray.

Nor let me suffer misbeliefe, because
You knew him yet nor man by Time, and Lawes:
Soules such as his sore, and produce high things,
When others have as yet scarce hope of wings.
His Genius did rich glories then beget
And shew, when lower could not Bud as yet.
Thus Regions near the Sun doe Fields afford,
Throng'd with the choysest Flowres, and richly stor'd
When iheremoter places sleepe, and shew
Onely a garment of benumming Snov.

When I consider all this snacht, I must
Wish that my teares could animate his dust.
But being we can't call backe lost good, nor blisse
Our selves with him reviv'd, There professe
My brest his Marble, and doe thence become
Both the bewailer of him, and the Tombe.

Anthony Stafford.

FINIS.

